The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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Ireland's population is increasing at the rate of 60,000 a year.

New Jersey comes to the front with a water trust. This is a brand-new kink.

Since the 1st of January twenty-eight different men in this country have murdered girls who refused to marry them.

The census of 1890, preparations for which are already being made, promises to show in the United States a population of more than 70,000,000.

It is estimated that one-half of all the drugs imported into the United States are consumed in the manufacture of patent medicine.

The tree from the milk of which the india rubber of commerce is made grows well in Southern California, and extensive preparations are being made for planting it.

A new device of the Patriotic League of France is to engrave on monuments the figures 1870-18—, the blank being the date of the War of Revenge, which is left to the imagination.

The reports of the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington declare that the sailing tonnage of the world is nearly double that of steam, and that this relative proportion is likely to be maintained.

The king cruiser of all will be the last ordered by the British Admiralty, to be named the Blenheim. She will be of 9000 tons, with twin screws, engines of 20,000 horse-power, and a speed of twenty-two knots.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, claims to be the healthiest city on the continent, the death rate the past year having been lower than in any other American city. Not a single case of diphtheria has been reported within the last six months.

According to the *Jewish Gazette*, of the 241 clothing manufacturers in the City of New York 231 are Hebrew firms. The Hebrews are also largely engaged in cigarmaking, employing over eight thousand hands and producing over six hundred million cigars yearly.

The Austrian Consul at Yokohoma, Japan, reports great difference in commercial morality between the merchants of China and Japan. The Japanese, he says, are neither enterprising nor upright, but the Chinamen are solid and trustworthy in every respect.

Statistics have just been published on accidents brought about by avalanches in the Tyrol of Switzerland. Last year fifty-three people were killed. The value of the cattle buried by avalanches is estimated at upward of $9000, while the total amount of property destroyed figures at $135,000.

Under the simplified drill of the German army the battalions will in future learn but three formations, the double column, the deep column (four companies following each other in company columns) and the broad column. The company column is the basis of all formations and movements in war.

Joachim, the famous Hungarian violinist, is said to have hopelessly injured one of his fingers in an endeavor to increase his technical skill. He is not the first man who has done this, as Schumann, the great composer, attempted the same kind of experiment, in severing some of the chords of his right hand in order to shorten the time of practice. He was permanently disabled as a pianoplayer.

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and healed the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which depended on his brains instead of his legs would stand a mighty poor show in a puddle near a school house.

N. J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture, has charge of the arrangements for the display of American agricultural products at the Paris Exposition next spring. A large sum of money was appropriated by the general Government to defray the expenses of the entire display, and of the total amount $50,000 was set apart for the agricultural interests.

People who fancy the newspaper reporter's life is a bed of roses observes the New York *Telegram*, can have their ideas changed by reading accounts of the Chicago car riots. Reporters were the only passengers in the cars run through howling mobs and showers of brickbats. Several of them were badly injured. They faced danger and duty, beside the armed officers of the law, just as they are always facing the horrors of a scourge, the fury of storms and blizzards and the horrors of enormous conflagrations.

"The cotton planters of the South, have shown," asserts the Boston *Cultivator*, "what cooperation among the farmers may accomplish in breaking down a grasping monopoly. A "jute bagging trust" attempted to force the planters to pay exorbitant prices for the jute bagging used as a covering for cotton bales. Experiments have been made with coarse cotton sheeting, which is much cheaper, and which is considered satisfactory by the New York Cotton Exchange and the Liverpool Cotton Association. Thus the cheap sheeting will doubtless largely take the place of artificially dear jute bagging."

THANKSGIVING.

We look to the hills for rest;
For strength we turn to the sea;
For the boon of these, and fair bequest
Of teeming lands to the seaways, we
With joy give thanks.

Best thanks for the favor is
The fullest use of the gift;
And pleasure expressed is song of praise,
And praise is a prayer whereby we lift
Unceasing thanks.

Now at the time of the feast,
And of bursting granaries,
Now sound of scythe on the grass has ceased,
And reapers rest, with a smile of ease,
Do we give thanks.

But now at the feast, alone,
But ever, from June to June,
While the harvest is budded and blown,
By the glad thought of the heart in tune,
Do we give thanks.

By full deep pleasure one has,
And so by the sweet, swift joy,
A light of color and bloom of grass,
Or the touch of winds, unceasingly
Do we give thanks.

For suns that mellow the fruit;
For strong, clean winds and the snows
Like a fold of fleece upon the root
Of the oak, and the root of the rose,
Do we give thanks.

For dews and for warm, soft rains,
That infuse new blood in the wood,
For the herb and vine that flushed the lanes,
Through waving fields at the Summer's
flood,
Do we give thanks.

For thrill on the line of nerves,
That leap in a quick response
To music's touch, and the thrill that serves
As the soul's applause to eloquence,
Do we give thanks.

For strength of the firm, lithe limbs,
And wealth of body and long
Deep reach of thought, and hope that skims
Like a bird, our heaven for light, with
song,
Do we give thanks.

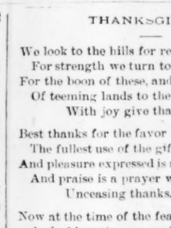
For subtle force of the brain's
Keen power, and the fire thereof
For the jubilant blood in our veins,
That leaps and bounds when life is enough,
Do we give thanks.

By vigor of brain and thought,
By reach of the sympathies,
By much well doing and pleasure wrought
By color of fields and flow of seas,
Do we give thanks.

—*Jennie Maxwell Paine.*

HER THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.



ALL day there had been sweeps of stormy rain, with ragged fringes of cloud above the western horizon, and a raw chilliness in the atmosphere.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Elston, glancing out of the kitchen window occasionally, as she went about her daily work, "we're going to have a bad Thanksgiving day. Not but what one ought to be just as glad and thankful, whether it rains or shines; but it is provoking, when one has invited company from a distance. And Uncle Lemuel won't drive over from Bayport with Aunt Rhoda, if it snows; and Sue Starkey can't venture out in a storm, with her weak chest, and everything will go wrong!"

Toward night, however, the sun burst triumphantly through the clouds, lightning up the sombre aisles of the leafless woods with red gleams, and touching with lines of lurid gold the edges of the waves that broke sullenly on Woodford Point.

"It'll be fine, after all," said Mrs. Elston.

And she burst into little roulades of song, as she picked over the red Baldwin apples, set away the yellow, earthen bowl of stewed cranberries, counted the pies, and looked to see if the turkey was all plucked and dressed, ready for the morrow's oven.

For Lizzie Elston kept neither cook nor waitress, but depended, on herself only for all these household details, and no one understood better the necessity for a careful economy of time.

She had invited Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Rhoda, from Bayport, Miss Starkey, her whilom schoolmate, now the teacher of the nearest district school, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who lived in the cottage beyond the sand dunes on the beach.

It was the first Thanksgiving that Lizzie had ever kept, and she was determined on having it a success.

"But all the preparations were complete at last, even down to the counting of the ancient, fiddle-shaped spoons, that were an heirloom from Lizzie's grandmother, and the old cups and plates, some blue-edged, and some covered with impossible landscapes, in the dullest shade of pink—and the young wife, looking down the road, saw Frank Elston coming up from the wharf, a dark silhouette against the red glow of the sky.

"I'll go and meet him," she said to herself.

For Lizzie had not been married long enough to forget all these graceful memories of the honeymoon time.

Frank Elston, the captain of the little boat that plied between Bayport Landing and the nearest large town, met her with a smile and a kiss.

"What have you got in the basket, Frank?" cried Lizzie, standing on tiptoe to peep under the lid of the willow receptacle that he carried.

"Oranges, puss!" said he, with a nod of triumph. "And some Concord grapes that were left of our last consignment, and Bettley let me have 'em cheap."

"Oh, Frank, how nice!" exclaimed the housewife, clapping her hands. "It will be just what I want to give color and decoration to my table. And I baked the chicken pies to-day after your mother's recipe, and I'm sure they are going to be perfectly splendid!"

"Splendid, are they?" said Elston, smiling good humoredly at his excited little wife. "Well, I'm glad of that. But, Lizzie, I forgot to tell you—"

"What is it, Frank?" with a half-startled air.

"You're going to have some company that you hadn't calculated on," said he.

"Who, Frank? Not Abby Harte?"

"No. It's a wrinkled little old woman, with a regular little old-fashioned cloak and quilted hood, with a mob cap under it. She's waiting at the Point for her baggage to be unloaded, so I thought I'd just step up and give you a word of warning."

"Baggage!" cried Lizzie, in consternation. "What baggage? Is she going to stay?"

"There's boxes and boxes!" said Frank, laughing. "And I've hired Billy Willett with his wheelbarrow to hoist 'em up to the house."

"But, Frank, who is it? Why don't you tell me who it is?"

"Her name is Miss Barbara Babcock," said the Captain of the Sea Mew. "She comes from the State of Rhode Island, and she says she was a second cousin of your mother. And she's coming to spend Thanksgiving with you!"

"Miss Barbara Babcock!" repeated Lizzie, her fresh face growing blank. "Oh, I know now who it is Frank! All the relations used to dread Miss Barbara Babcock's visits. She had no home of her own, and was always wandering about the country with her fancy-work and her receipt-book; and, oh, Frank, she was such a bore! I can't have her here!"

"All right, then," said Captain Elston: "I'll go back and tell her so. Only, Lizzie—"

"Well!"

"Don't all this remind you a little bit of the old story of the priest and the devil."

"But, Frank, when I've invited all the neighbors!"

"Yes, exactly so," said Frank, twisting the end of his red comforter around his finger. "Who is my neighbor? That's just the question that the parable was intended to answer."

Lizzie stood a minute, silently thinking.

"Don't put yourself out, my dear," said the Captain: "she can get lodgings at the Wharf easily enough. But she's very old and feeble, and—"

"I understand," interrupted Lizzie; "and she's my neighbor. I'll go back, Frank, and warm up one of my chickenpies for supper. I didn't intend to have anything but bread and butter and cold pigs' feet, but of course she is tired and chilled, poor creature."

"That's my own little girl!" said Frank, with a caressing touch to the stray locks which had escaped, like rings of spun gold from the border of Lizzie's red worsted hood. "I know just how this sort of thing puts you housekeepers out, but somehow I felt sorrow for the old lady."

But Lizzie could not help marveling a little when Miss Barby Babcock arrived on the scene. She was a little, dried-up old creature, with black, restless eyes, a cinnamon-colored "front," and a nose and chin that met in close proximity.

"So you are Mary Smith's darter, are you?" said she. "I can jest remember you when you were a leetle girl, knee-high to a grass-hopper, sewin' patchwork. Well, I'm glad I thought of comin' here to spend Thanksgivin'. Sea air always did agree with me, and that's a dreadful nice craft that your husband is the skipper of. I shouldn't wonder," she added, as she began on her second wedge of chicken-pie, "if I made up my mind to spend the winter here, and finish my silk curtains. I'm a-makin' silk curtains, Elizabeth Ann—sewin' strips of silk together, just like you sew carpet-rags—and when it's all done, I'm goin' to borrow Desire Johnson's old room and weave 'em up into the prettiest silk curtains you ever set eyes on. It'll be a pleasant winter's work for you and me—won't it, Elizabeth Ann? P'raps you've got some old silk gowns you could spare?" she added, wistfully. "I need a little dark blue and saffron-color—terror-cotter they call it nowadays. Works in dreadful nice."

Lizzie looked bewildered; but the captain cheerily threw himself into the breach.

"Oh, we haven't arrived at the dignity of silk gowns yet, have we, Lizzie?" said he. "Take some of these crab-apples, Miss Babcock. They're very fine."

The old woman sat down in the warm firelight, rubbing her wrinkled hands together.

"It's warm and comfortable here," said she. "I wonder I never thought of comin' to Elizabeth Ann's before. Desire Johnson didn't want me. She said old folks was too much care. Lucy Wilcox was too fine a lady to notice her old Aunt Barby; and my Cousin Maxwell as good as turned me out of doors. But Elizabeth Ann is her mother right over again—the kindest-hearted creetur that ever breathed. I'm glad I come here to Thanksgivin'. I guess I'll stay."

She said all this aloud, in her strange, croaking voice, although she evidently imagined that she was only thinking it.

"Frank," whispered Mrs. Elston, snuggling close up to her husband, "I think she is flighty. She's so very old, you know; she must be eighty, at the very least."

"Who is my neighbor?" Frank responded, softly. "I think your duty is plain in this instance, my dear."

The little old relation was busy sewing at her balls of parti-colored silk strips when the Thanksgiving company arrived, next day, and she eagerly interviewed them as to the cast-off silk-dress question.

Each was of a different opinion, but all were adverse to the stranger.

"Lizzie, I wouldn't stand it!" cried Mrs. Howard, a gay young neighbor. "An old crone like that, to come here and settle right down on you, like the Old Woman of the Sea! Why, I never heard such impudence in my life!"

Aunt Rhoda shook her head solemnly. "Barbara Babcock used to visit around in York State," said she, "when I lived there. She was a dreadful trial, and there warn't none of her relations but was glad to be rid of her. I wouldn't like to undertake the care of her!"

"But she's old, Rhoda," said Uncle Lemuel; and she's had a stroke or two, folks say. I dunno what's to become of her of Elizabeth Ann sends her away."

"I won't send her away," said Lizzie. "She shall have a home here. Frank doesn't object, and we may be feeble and friendless ourselves some day."

"Frank don't know what he's undertakin'," said Aunt Rhoda. "I hain't as much patience with the old creetur' as I should hev had, if she hadn't squandered away all her money, buyin' lottery-tickets. She wouldn't hear to no one's advice. Barbara Babcock was as obstinate as a mule."

But Susie Starkey nodded approval to her friend.

"I think you are doing right, dear," she whispered.

So they all ate their Thanksgiving dinner, with many compliments to Lizzie's housewifely achievements; and just as they were sitting around the fire, cracking nuts and drinking home-brewed cider, Uncle Lemuel uttered a cry of terror.

"Look at Barbara Babcock!" said he. "She's got another stroke!"

It was true. The poor little old woman had sunk down, all in a heap, in her chair, with a pleading look in her distorted face, and the words "Elizabeth Ann" quivering on her lips.

And the Thanksgiving party was broken up in dire confusion and dismay.

"If she was to die," mysteriously whispered Aunt Rhoda, "it would be the best thing that could happen to her an' all her relations!"

But Miss Barbara Babcock did not die. She lived on, all winter, into the time when crocuses began to bloom and the maple blossoms blushed redly along the edges of the swamps.

All this time she was quite helpless, and her sole pleasure was in looking at the balls of vivid-colored silk rags that Lizzie ranged daily at the foot of her bed, to amuse and quiet her.

"I'll make a dreadful pretty sort o' curtains," she said, in the strange tongue-tied way common to paralytics. "I'll finish 'em when I'm better. I'll finish 'em, and Elizabeth Ann shall have 'em for her own."

The night before she died she suddenly opened her eyes.

Aunt Rhoda was sitting, needle-work in hand, by her side.

"Mind," said she, "them silk balls is Elizabeth Ann's. I've given 'em to her, signed and sealed in the paper under my pillow. Mind you don't forgit!"

"Oh, I'll not forget," said placid Aunt Rhoda.

With the early dawn poor Miss Barby went to the home where, let us hope, she was more welcome than she would have been in earthly habitations.

"I don't want the silk rags," said Lizzie, when she heard of her quaint inheritance. "Poor thing! They were a comfort to her, but of what use could they be to me?"

"You'd better take 'em," said Uncle Lemuel. "Sell 'em to the rag man, if you can't make no better use of 'em."

"No," said Lizzie. "I'll have them woven into silk curtains, as she wanted them to be. I can hire Melinda Proal and her loom for a month. And Melinda needs the work."

But when the balls of silk were unwound—there were a hundred of them, more or less—each ball was found to be wound on a ten-dollar bill, rolled into cylindrical shape and doubled over. And every ten-dollar bill was Lizzie Elston's now.

"She didn't spend it all for lottery tickets, it seems," observed Uncle Lemuel.

* * * * *

"Little girl, what are you pondering about?" said the captain to Lizzie, who stood silently looking out upon the greening woods.

"I was thinking," said Lizzie, "of last Thanksgiving Day. How thankful I am that you wouldn't let me send poor old Aunt Barbara back to Rhode Island! Not only because of the money, but that I was able to take care of her all that dreary winter when she was so helpless, and had no friend but me."

The captain patted Lizzie's bright head.

"So you're keeping your Thanksgiving Day yet?" said he tenderly.

"Yes," Lizzie answered, "I'm keeping my Thanksgiving Day yet!"

Cooking the Thanksgiving Turkey.

The *American Poultry Yard* thus directs: Choose a fat, tender turkey, weighing six or seven pounds; pluck it, carefully remove the pin feathers, singe the bird over the flame of an alcohol lamp or a few drops of alcohol poured on a plate and lighted; wipe it with a damp towel and see that it is properly drawn by slitting the skin at the back of the neck and taking out the crop without tearing the skin of the breast; loosen the heart, liver and lungs by introducing the forefinger at the neck, and then draw them, with the entrails from the vent. Unless you have broken the gall of the entrails in drawing the bird do not wash it, for this greatly impairs the flavor and partly destroys the nourishing qualities of the flesh. Twist the tips of the wings back under the shoulders, stuff the bird with force-meat, bend the legs as far up toward the breast as possible, secure the thigh bones in that position by a trussing cord or skewer; then bring the legs down and fasten them close to the vent. Pound the breast bone down, first laying a towel over it. Lay a thin slice of salt pork over the breast to baste it until sufficient dripping runs from the bird. Baste it frequently, browning it on all sides by turning it about in the pan. Use a clean towel to turn it with, but do not run a fork into it or you will waste its juices. When it is half done season it with two teaspoonfuls of salt and one teaspoonful of powdered herbs. When it has cooked about twenty minutes to each pound, dish it and keep it hot while you make a gravy by adding half a pint of water to the dripping in the pan, first taking off a little of the superfluous fat, and thickening it if desired with a teaspoonful of flour mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Serve the turkey hot with a gravy boat full of gravy and a dish of cranberry sauce. The same direction for drawing, trussing and roasting will apply to other poultry and game.

The Gobbler's Fate.

A gobbler stood upon the fence,
When all but him had fled.
His form erect—his tail outspread—
And stately was his head.

A passing tramp he wrestled with
And bore him to the ground,
And now he hangs heels over head,
At thirteen cents a pound.

THANKSGIVING.

When the trees are gray and bare,
And the snow is in the air,
And the frost is in the sod,
And the yellow golden-rod,
Like a fading sunset light,
Withers in a blackening blight;
And the dead leaves to and fro
Whirl about as the north winds blow—
Then comes the old Thanksgiving time,
When hearts in festal meetings chime.

When gay youth no longer sings
The clear carols of its springs,
And old age with stealthy tread
Up behind us steals, to shed
Winter snows upon the head;
Yet with age's frost and snow
Brings a light whose steady glow
With an inner radiance scorns
Thoughtless youth's best nights and morns,
Then comes the old Thanksgiving time,
And awakes a loftier rhyme.

Then, for all that builds up life
With its changing calm and strife
What I was—the given base
Upon which I now can place
What poor figure I may have wrought
Out of all my life and thought—
For the priceless providence
That hath made each nerve and sense
Of my boyhood but the germ
Of a growth more full and firm—
For the blest inheritance
Of my parents' blood—for chance
Even, and fate and circumstance—
For the joy and sorrow turned
Into hope—for wisdom learned
From my folly—faith from doubt:—
All within me or without
That hath helped the spirit weak
Its best life and truth to seek:—
For all this, and more that, blind,
I cannot recall to mind—
Thanks on this Thanksgiving day
I would render as I may:—
On this dull gray day when earth
Hath no smile of spring or mirth,
And the dead leaves to and fro
Whirl about as the north winds blow.

Christopher P. Cranch.

A POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

Let him who eats not, think he eats,
'Tis one to him who last year said,
My neighbor dines on dainty sweets
And I on coarser bread."

He who on sugar angels fares
Hath pangs beneath his silken vest;
The rougher life hath fewer cares—
Who fasts hath sounder rest.

If lean the body, light the wings;
His fancy hath more verge and room
Who feasts upon the wind that brings
The flowers of hope to bloom.

So, if no smoking turkey grace
This day my clean but humble board,
I'll think what might have been my case
If rich, and thank the Lord.

No gout awaits my coming age,
No bulbous nose like lobster red,
To vex my temper into rage,
Or fill my days with dread.

Leave to the rich his roast and wine;
Death waits on him who waits for all;
The doctor will be there by nine,
By twelve the priest will call.

Lord, in all wholesome, moderate ways
Keep me, lest it should hap be worse;
Teach one to fill his mouth with praise
Who never filled his purse.

—*F. B. Plympton.*

THE UNPROBATED WILL

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

POOR as John Austin was, he was made more desperate by the return of the father of his wife (believed to be dead) who came home to them broken in health a silent, "queer" man, as the people of Beachton called him.

When Jane Austin was a little girl the now old man had left her mother and herself to battle with the world. No one knew why or whither he had gone.

For twenty-five years nothing had been heard of or from him. In the meantime the mother had died, the daughter married, and several little olive branches had come to twine around the hearts of the father and mother and make the struggle for bread still more imperative.

For half a dozen years the old man lingered rather than lived, apparently purposeless save to wander in the woods around the little inland village in summer, shiver over the fire in winter and constantly mutter to himself. Then he quietly faded out from among the living and was laid to rest in the desolate graveyard.

Of where he had been during his long absence he never talked; what he had done was never known. His reappearance was as sudden and unexplained as his departure. He came on foot and alone, and the only thing certain about him was his poverty.

The expense of his "keeping" had been a serious drawback to the prosperity of the daughter and her husband; those connected with his last sickness and death heavy. A single dollar added to the outlay of any man whose only capital is his hands and only income is from daily toil is no light affair.

But a week previous to Thankgiving the funeral had taken place—used up the last dollar of ready money and left a debt to be paid. In the flickering light of the fire husband and wife sat sadly discussing the outlook, and gloomy indeed it was. The last of the little brood had been tucked into bed, the fierce wind of the Northern Winter was howling without, the stars shone brightly but coldly, and the low, heavy banks of clouds gave notice of a fierce snowstorm, and the poor know but too bitterly what that means for them.

"John," said his wife, after a long silence and with a heavy sigh, "to-morrow will be Thanksgiving, and the children are reckoning upon a good dinner."

"Yes," he replied, with his head bowed and tears in his eyes, "but the good Lord only knows where it is to come from. The care and death of your father—I don't say it complaining, wife, for you have repaid it a thousand times—has not only taken the last cent, but left us a debt it will take months to pay. However, the darlings shan't be disappointed if I can help it, and if you can manage the pies and little things I'll see what can be done about getting something in the shape of meat. Heigh ho! what a miserable thing it is to be poor and never have any money when you need it most."

"Yes, dear, it is hard; but we have health, strength, and the little ones, and that is very much to be thankful for."

"And many a rich man would give more than the sum necessary to make us comfortable for our appetites and the sound sleep we enjoy."

Little knew they of the storm that rocked their little cottage and drifted the snow around it. But with the morning light they saw it and with a sinking of heart. It was as a death blow to the plans John Austin had made for their Thanksgiving dinner. He had indulged in no fanciful dreams of turkey and a huge chicken pie, of salad and jelly. They were as far beyond his means as oyster pate, terrapin, canvas-back and champagne. A practical man, he had thought out no sumptuous or elaborate menu, but had resolved to be up early, take his gun, go to the woods and see if he could not "knock over" something for a Thanksgiving feast.

Under ordinary circumstances hunting would have been recreation and one seldom indulged in, for necessity compelled uninterrupted labor. "Whew!" he whistled under his breath as he saw how deep was the snow, strong the wind and freezing the air. But it was Thanksgiving and the children must not be disappointed. So, after building a rousing fire and bringing in plenty of wood, he kissed his wife, promised to be back as early as possible, took his gun and started upon the uncertain quest, for game, like money, has a perverse fashion of being out of the way when most wanted.

Tramping along over the unbroken fields and in the full sweep of the icy blasts, he was glad to reach a little grove where he could find shelter and regain his breath. He seated himself upon a stump and to him came the greatest temptation of his life. In a tree, within easy shot, roosted numerous turkeys. Hatch'd from the eggs of wild ones and with the distinctive feather marks, it would be the easiest thing to secure one and pass it off, if seen, as legitimate game. Great fat, luscious fowls they were, and the vision of how happy his wife and children would be in the eating arose before him.

Almost before he was aware of the act his gun was raised and aim taken. Then conscience whispered: "They are not yours, John Austin," and turning his steps away he answered mentally if not vocally: "No, and I'm not going to be a thief, even for a Thanksgiving dinner."

Pushing on again over the broad meadow he struck the road—an unbroken one now—that led to the forest where game was likely to be found, and was passing the log cabin of a family even poorer than his own, for the husband was lying very ill. He glanced up at the chimney—the most natural thing to do upon such a day—and saw no smoke. Either the poor man must be dead or the supply of wood had given out. Instantly his own situation was forgotten and he was not long in finding out that his latter surmise was correct.

"Don't worry," he said to the anxious wife, gathering and bringing in all the wood he could find, "I'll run over to neighbor Sampson's and borrow his team and get you a load. There's lots of dead timber on this land, and he isn't the meanest man in the world by a long shot."

To accomplish his purpose he was forced to retrace his steps and again look at the temptation of the turkeys. Certainly no birds ever looked so large, and they stretched out their necks and gobbled at him in the most provoking fashion and as if they knew what was passing in his mind.

"Yes, John," said the farmer in answer to his request, "take the oxen and get as much wood as you can haul. But you will have to cut it. Everything down must be snowed under except it may be some rotten stuff that is of no account."

"All right, but you will have to lend me an axe. I started to find some game for dinner, but now the children will have to get along with whatever their mother can manage to fix up."

"Well, here's an axe, and you had better leave your gun here till you come back. I'd like to use it if you can tell me where I will find my flock of turkeys—the tame-wild ones I mean. I believe they know it's Thanksgiving and have run away."

Austin told him where the birds were to be found, thought of how little there would be upon his own table, and hastened upon his errand of mercy—hastened as fast as an ox team, discontented with being out such a cold morning and wading through such deep snow, could be persuaded to go.

Tramping along after the sled Austin at last reached the woods and looked for a convenient tree to "fall." An oak stood near and a tap of his ax convinced him it was hollow. That suited him exactly. He could easily cut off a couple of logs, roll them upon the sled and reduce them to burnable size afterward.

A strong-armed and willing-hearted man, he was not long in separating the trunk, drawing and unloading in front of the house of his sick friend. The poor wife thanked him heartily and said her brother had come and would do the chopping.

"All right—no thanks," he replied in his hearty way. "Hope your Thanksgiving will be brighter than you anticipated. "Now I'll get my gun and see what I can do for my own dinner."

He had gotten some little distance when the woman shouted:

"You have forgotten your satchel, John Austin!"

"Mine!" he questioned, returning.

"Of course it is. You must have placed it in the hollow trunk and forgotten it. Anyhow it rolled out and here is your wife's name on it. Gracious, but it is marked plain enough."

In mute astonishment John Austin took up the satchel and brushed off the snow. It was a small affair, battered, worn, stained and (as he afterward said) might have come out of the ark. A piece of buckskin was looped through the handles and rudely marked: Mrs. Jane Austin, wife of John Austin and daughter of James Selfridge, Beachton, Pennsylvania, U. S."

He choked down a great lump that had gathered in his throat, looked with the most stupid surprise at the woman, then at the satchel, and forgetting team, gun and game started homeward on a run. Bursting into the house he dropped breathlessly into a chair, flung the satchel into the middle of the floor and gasped out the single word:

"There!"

"John Austin," exclaimed his wife in the loudest key possible for her voice to reach and with the muscles of her face gathering for a storm, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to come home drunk, and on Thanksgiving? Take that nasty old thing out of doors. It's a burning shame and a disgrace, and you a husband and father of a family," and her apron was brought into requisition to wipe away her tears.

"It's marked for you, Jane, and—where in heaven did you get that great turkey?"

"Farmer Sampson brought it, and your gun, which you lost, and if the neighbors didn't take pity on us we'd starve," was replied in very short sentences and broken by sobs.

"But Jane—"

"Don't 'Jane' me. Take that miserable, dirty thing out and crawl off somewhere and go to sleep. To think I should have lived to see the day—and—and we become objects of charity—and—and—having to be fed by the neighbors," and up went the apron again.

"Mother," broke in the eldest of the hopefuls, whose curiosity had caused an investigation of the satchel, and who had spelled out the address, "it's your name, and such queer writing!"

Thus reinforced John Austin explained that he had found it in a hollow log and suggested that it be opened. The wife looked dubiously at it for an instant and then, forgetful of anger and tears, exclaimed:

"It is father's writing. Open it as quick as ever you can."

He complied. The first thing he saw was a letter. It was written on coarse paper, unsealed, directed to his wife, and read: "All for my daughter Jane, wife of John Austin, forever and ever. James Selfridge.

"Sounds like a will," said the husband, "and we'll see what the old man has left."

Little packages tied up in buckskin were taken out, and each, when opened, disclosed gold, coined, dust and nuggets, evidently the savings of a miser miner, and explained why he had so much haunted the woods.

Overcome by their unexpected fortune husband, wife and children gathered around the table upon which it had been piled, and laughed and cried together. The millions of merchant prince or railway king was nothing compared to the few hundreds to them. Then came the natural fear of being robbed, and the wealth was hastily hidden away. They were too much excited to even discuss what they would do with it and were frightened nearly into convulsions when a loud rap was heard on the door and with it a command to open.

It was only their neighbor Sampson with more good things, and as he sat warming his numbed hands and feet he told how good John had been as to the afflicted family.

"And, John," he said, "I saw and heard you when talking about my turkeys, and a man who could be thus honest under so great temptation will ever find a friend in Job Sampson."

Then Austin and his wife unbosomed themselves, showed the gold, the letter and asked advice. It was judiciously given and with congratulation the farmer hurried away, happy at having done a good action.

At a late hour for "country folks" their dinner was eaten with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, and when the stuffed children were dreaming the wife stole behind her husband, put her arms around his neck and kissed him more warmly than since the days of her courtship as she whispered:

"To think I should accuse you of being drunk! And you giving up all hope of your own Thanksgiving dinner to help others! You dear old John."

N. B.—That will was never probated.

A Runaway Couple.

The night before Thanksgiving.

A Youth Asleep From His Birth.

There is in a southern insane asylum, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, an eight-year old boy who has never been awake since the hour of his birth. He was the child of a paralytic mother, and has delicate features and a high, white forehead, with long, black curls. His arm is not larger than an ordinary man's thumb. He lies on his bed year after year, taking no note of anything that passes. Twice a day he is aroused enough to take a little nourishment and then relapses into sleep.

On the Way to Thanksgiving Services.

GOLDEN-ROD.

An idle breeze strayed up and down
The rusty fields and meadows brown,
Sighing a grievous sigh, "Ah, me!
Where can the summer blossoms be?"
When suddenly a glorious face
Shone on him from a weedy space,
And with an airy, plumy nod,
"Good afternoon!" said Golden-Rod.

The breeze received her courtesy
And then came hurrying home to me,
And eagerly this story told:
"I've seen a lady dressed in gold,
So shining that the very light
That touches her is doubly bright—
She nodded, too, a royal nod."
"Why, that," said I, "is Golden-Rod."

"Come out and see her where she stands,
Gold on her head and in her hands,"
He cried: and I without delay
Went after where he led the way;
And there she stood, all light, all grace,
Illumining that weedy place,
And to us both, with airy nod,
"Good afternoon!" said Golden-Rod.

—*Clara Doty Bates.*

PITH AND POINT.

Words of cheer—Hurrah! Tiger!

The rag-gatherer's business is picking up a little.

A black bear that has been eaten is a bruin-et.

"I'm considerably worsted," as the stocking said.

Stands to reason—the reasoner when he is tired of sitting.

Instead of the French in Tunis, wouldn't it be more grammatical to say: the French in tune are?—*Sittings.*

A wealthy old farmer who has seven good-for-nothing sons, says he is satisfied that there is no money in raising beats.

Funny that a fast young man never begins to think about settling down until it has become utterly impossible for him to settle up.

Now the woodsies change their color
And the folkses change their clothes—
Soon the head of navigation
Will peep through its robe of snows.
—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

"Oh, you have come first at last; you were always behind before," was the queer greeting a schoolmaster gave to the first boy at school.—*Detroit Free Press.*

McGurrigan was naturalized yesterday. He said that the process of making a foreign-born man a native of the United States was exceedingly pleasing.—*New York News.*

There was a young maid, a Miss Howard,
Who was a most pitiful coward;
For a cute little mouse
Scared her out of the house
And chased her all over the cowyard.

In Russia they teach bears to dance by placing them on a hot floor. In the Chicago grain exchange they make them dance by raising the price of wheat seventy-five cents a bushel.

"Are you winking at me because you think I'm a country jake, sir?" demanded the new clerk at the drug store, loudly and beligerently, as he paused in the act of drawing a glass of soda water for a customer. "——ames," hurriedly called out the proprietor, "come and tie up this licorice for this boy. I'll wait on Mr. Rambo myself."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Chance to Get Even.—Office Boy—"Please, sir, here's a man to see you." Impecunious Doctor—"Healthy man?" Office Boy—"Very much healthy. Got something in his hand looks like a bill." Impecunious Doctor (struck with a brilliant idea)—"Let him come in. I'll give him fifty cents on account; he will faint, and I'll charge him two dollars for reviving him."—*Time.*

Hadji Husse in Ghooly Khan,
Most puissant Persian man,
Just arrived from Teheran:
"Good morning, sir. How do you do
And how is Mrs. Hadji Ghoo?
And how are all the little Ghoos?
Come tell us, Hadji, all the news.
We're glad to see you, minister,
Oh! Zoroastrian worshiper.
Take off your things, and sit right down;
You are at home in Washington."
—*Washington Critic.*

A Kentucky Terror.

"Do you remember Craig Tolliver," said a drummer to a Chicago *Mail* reporter, "who was shot about a year ago? I was down in that section of Kentucky just before he was killed, and was in Morehead on circus day. If you were never in a country town on circus day, let me tell you, you never want to be. Tolliver was known throughout Eastern Kentucky as the terror of Rowan County. He was as nervy as he was wicked, and with a little whisky aboard and a brace of good pistols, which were part of his being, he would face a band of Comanche Indians. The day I refer to Cooper & Bailey's Circus (I think that was the name) gave a performance in Morehead, the county seat of Rowan, and Tolliver came to town to see the show. He was loaded with tanglefoot whisky and the butts of two large navy revolvers protruded from his hip pockets. While watching the man in a ticket wagon selling tickets an idea struck him. He went around to the opposite side of the tent, cut a long slit in the canvas, pinned back the ends, and proceeded to admit the people at half rate, in opposition to the wagon at the main entrance. Those who had no money were passed in complimentary.

"The circus people came down upon him with a whoop, but he used forcible arguments, and handled his navies so gracefully that the show contingent accepted the situation and made the best of a bad state of affairs.

Fecundity of Fish.

It has been calculated that, as fish produce so many eggs, if vast numbers of the latter and of the fish themselves were not continually destroyed and taken, they would soon fill up every available space in the seas. For instance, from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 codfish are annually caught on the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when it is considered that each cod yields about 4,500,000 eggs every season, and that even 80,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 60,000,000 of cod taken on the coast of Newfoundland left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 5,000,000 eggs every year, it would give a yearly addition of 150,000,000,000,000 young codfish. Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are wonderfully prolific. A herring weighing 6 oz. or 7 oz. is provided with about 30,000 eggs. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and the young it has been estimated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon calculated that, if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

The People's Press.

SALEM N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1888.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

—Congress meets next Monday.

—The yellow fever in Florida is fast disappearing.

—Minister Jarvis and lady left South America on the 17th inst., for North Carolina.

—It appears that Mahone and Quay, have agreed to contest the vote of Virginia for Presidential Electors.

—The reported serious disturbances in the Chickasaw Nation over the election of Governor of that Nation is denied.

—Solomon C Poole, of Smithfield, N. C., and George H. Jamieson, of Martinsville, Va., have been appointed cadets to West Point Military Academy.

—Powderly has been re elected General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor for two years. He was also chosen to represent the Order at the Paris Exposition.

—The discovery has been made that much of the tea brought to this country is colored with poisonous chemicals. The Custom House officers in New York have been directed to test all suspicious cases.

—A call has been made to the tobacco farmers in North Carolina and Virginia to meet in Durham on the 5th of December next for the purpose of organizing an inter-state farmers' tobacco association.

—A special from Little Rock, Ark., says: Warrants have been sworn out against nearly fifty persons, principally negroes, for illegal voting in the recent election in Jefferson county. Democrats are the complainants.

—Newbern *Journal*: Mr. G. L. Hardison yesterday shipped by the Vesper, of the E C D line, to New York and Philadelphia seventeen boxes of green peas grown on his farm near the city, in the open air, and without special care.

—Information has been received from W. R. Henry, Esq., of counsel for Cross & White that the petition for a writ of error has been allowed by Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court, and now the matter will be passed upon by that tribunal.

—The Raleigh *News and Observer* says. The North Carolina Confederate soldiers who received severe wounds in the late war and are receiving pensions from this State propose holding a convention in the city of Raleigh on or about the 22d of January next. The railway officials have kindly consented to give three delegates from each county free transportation.

—The expenses of the Postoffice Department for the last fiscal year were about $5,060,000 in excess of the receipts.

The national board of trade, in session at Chicago last week, adopted resolutions in favor of tariff reduction and one cent postage,

Does it look like postage ought to be reduced when the Department cannot meet expenses as it is.

—The Immigration Convention will be held in Montgomery, Ala., December 12th. Over five thousand invitations have been issued by the local committee, and it is announced that Texas alone will be represented by a delegation of several hundred, embracing the most progressive men of the Lone Star State An effort is being made to get the Governors of all the Southern States to attend, and some of them have already accepted the invitation.

Birmingham, Ala., continues to grow rapidly, and its present population is estimated at about 40,000. Its mining interests are rapidly being developed, and coal and iron ore are being transported from there to the North by the train load daily. There are seven railroads centering in Birmingham, and charters are being granted for others. Eight dummy lines, with a total mileage of 75 miles, traverse the city, and every day hands are employed laying track and extending the lines.—*Visitor.*

A NORTH CAROLINIAN HONORED.—A high compliment has been paid James W. Wilson, who was chief engineer in the famous survey of the Western North Carolina Railroad, and who is one of the most distinguished engineers of the South. He has just been appointed by the Canadian government to inspect the Canadian Pacific Railroad, from Ottawa to the Pacific ocean. This is indeed a high acknowledgement of Mr. Wilson's distinguished ability in his profession and is a source of great pride to North Carolina.—*News and Observer.*

—The Board of State Canvassers has completed the count of the vote for Presidential electors of North Carolina, as follows: Cleveland, 147,902; Harrison, 134,784. Cleveland's majority, 13,118.

The canvass of the vote for Congressmen and State officers will be made under the law on the 29th.

Fowle's majority, 13,444. The Legislature stands as follows: Senate 37 Democrats and 13 Republicans. The House 83 Democrats and 35 Republicans; 2 Independents. Democrats on joint ballot 125, Republicans 48, Independents 2, and Third Party 0.

$10,000 DAMAGES.—The jury in the case of J. T. Edmundson against the Richmond & Danville Railroad for damages by reason of injuries sustained in the Rifles railroad accident while *en route* for the State Guard encampment at Asheville 3 summers ago and which has been on trial at Kinston court returned a verdict in his favor for ten thousand dollars.—*Wilmington Star.*

ARRANGING FOR NORTHERN TOURISTS.—Commissioner of Immigration Patrick has for the past week or two been working up several towns in the State, ascertaining what accommodations can be obtained for winter boarders from the North. He has been to Durham, Oxford, Henderson, Charlotte Southern Pines and other places, and says that the people everywhere have received the idea with favor. Mr. Patrick proposes not only to locate the tourists at hotels, but with private families who are willing to take them. He thinks that now is the time to secure these people, as those who have been going to Florida will this winter go elsewhere, and with proper efforts they can be drawn to this State.—*News and Observer.*

Danville Tobacco Fair.

Danville's great tobacco exposition and trades display opened on the 21st inst., with an immense crowd in attendance. The tobacco exhibition embraces eighteen hundred samples of all grades of tobacco from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, and was a magnificent display of the weed.

North Carolina was awarded some thirteen prizes on fine tobacco, and the total amount of the premiums she won was $1,150.

In the inter state prize drill the Danville Blues took the first prize and the Reidsville, N. C., Light Infantry the second.

North Carolina Day at Augusta.

The Management of the National Exposition at Augusta, Ga., has appointed Thursday, December 6th, as "North Carolina Day." They have extended an invitation to all the people of our State to visit their City at that time, that they may see the wonderful Exposition of Southern Industries and Northern Machinery that have been concentrated in the immense building they have erected, and at the same time that the people of the two States may meet socially, and confer together upon questions of vital interest to all. From all we have been able to gather from our exchanges, we have come to the conclusion that the Exposition at Augusta covers a larger area of industries, and shows better what the whole South is doing, and what it will be able to do in the future than any here-to-fore held. We learn also that the different railroad companies have made such liberal arrangements for special days as will enable every one of our readers to visit Augusta at a lower cost than they could ever have done in the past, or that there is any probability of their being able to do after the Exposition closes. We are gratified to know that the management has invited Senators Vance and Ransom, Hon. A. M. Waddell, and other distinguished citizens to go to Augusta at that time and to address the throngs assembled there. We hope that every one of our readers who can by any possibility, make the trip will do so, for the best exhibit that North Carolina can make anywhere is an exhibit of her own sturdy, intelligent and patriotic citizens.

A Horrible Murder.

SHELBY, N. C., Nov. 22.—The most horrible and cold-blooded murder in the annals of Cleveland county was committed last night shortly after dark. James Philbeck, a thrifty and industrious farmer, 60 years old, who lives four miles west of Shelby, was called to his back door by a man who said he had a note from a friend and was shot down in the most cold-blooded way, one ball entering his right nostril and the other the root of his mouth. His wife who had followed him to the door, was compelled to surrender all the money she had—a ten dollar bill and about three dollars in silver. The burglar then cursed her and said she had more, as her husband had just sold seven bales of cotton. She offered him the keys and said he could search the house and that she would strike a light, the wind coming from the open door having extinguished the lamp. As she struck a match the burglar put a pistol to her face and shot her under the left eye, the ball ranging downward, and then he made his escape. Mrs. Philbeck was unconscious for about half an hour, when with great effort she made her way to the house of Perry Lovelace, her brother-in-law, fifty yards away. The latter heard the shots, but thought Philbeck was unloading lumber. He at once summoned assistance, but the murderer had made his escape, leaving no track behind him. Mrs. Philbeck could not identify the man, but says she thinks he is either a white man or a bright mulatto. He was evidently acquainted with the premises. Philbeck and wife lived alone, their children having married or being at school. Sheriff Hamrick, with a posse, is in search of the murderer but has no clue. The people of Shelby are greatly excited over the tragedy and if the man were caught to-night he would be lynched. The burglar was alone

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at V. O. Thompson's Drug Store, Winston.

—Durham *Recorder*: So far as we can see and judge to day, Durham is herself again. The financial shock shook her up but matters have settled down and now business is going on as usual. The business of the town has never suspended; not a single day. The gentlemen who were affected by the assignments closed up until matters could be straightened out. Their stores are opening again. The bank of Durham is closed until a proper adjustment of its affairs can be reached. The other three banks have been open all the time and supplying our people with all the money they needed.

—Another exquisite water color! and we learn that it is only one of a series; so before Demorest's Monthly Magazine finishes this series we will have quite a collection. The one in the November number of this favorite Family Magazine (just received) is certainly very beautiful. It is called "Mine!" and is a study of the head of a child with a bunch of roses clasped to her breast. It looks like an original water-color worth many dollars. Besides the beautiful in the November number, the practical is very marked. The chapter on "Help" gives employers a hint as to their rights, and tells the housewife just how to handle "Bridget" if she does not mind her P's and Q's. "Afternoon Teas and Receptions" answer all the questions that might be asked on this new most fashionable way of entertaining. "Dorothy's Window Garden" give some novel ideas about this delightful mode of decoration. "The World's Progress" recounts the passing events of the month, and numerous other articles and stories furnish amusement and instruction for each member of the family. This comprehensive Magazine should be found in every household. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East Fourteenth St., New York.

Signs of a Hard Winter.

According to the goose bone, we will have a severe winter. We give the bone prophecy for what it is worth:

The goose from whose bone this study was taken was hatched in April and killed after the ides of September. The bone is wonderfully marked, the dots and breves and lines mingle all along the keel, thus indicating very changeable weather, but the breves mostly turn down and are heavy, showing that the general character of the winter will be falling, cold weather. The danger period is longer for November than any other month, running from the 10th to the end, with the most severe weather falling between the 20th and 26th, and at any time within this period blustering snows and unseasonably cold weather may be looked for.

The first danger period in December extends from the 1st to the 5th after which there will probably be a few days of sunshiny weather. The heaviest storm period of the month centers in the Christmas holidays, beginning on the 18th and passing to the 27th. At the opening of the holidays we will have very foul and probably some of the coldest weather of the season, and these cold lines run along the bone until about the middle of January. Watch this period, but above all prepare for it. It is more than probably that the earth will be covered with snow when Christmas dawns and that a cold north wind will be blowing so that Christmas fires will have to be big and bright for comfort, Dec 24 and 25 will be the darkest storm days of the month. On the bone all the indications of wet, cold and stormy weather meet about that time. It is a curious clustering of bad signs, such as is seldom seen on the bone and a mixture of weather may be looked for, with wet and cold predominating. During this long spell of bad weather some of the dots on the bone are very dark, which means very cold and we need not look to see the mercury far away from zero during the holiday week.

The new year will come in cold and clear, with the first danger period commencing on the 4th. There are three storm periods in this month, the second commencing about the 14th and the last about the 23d of the month. The dots that appear on the bone up to the middle of the month are heavy—from about the 10th to the 15th especially so—and during this period very cold weather may be looked for. During December and January the mercury will frequently be below zero, probably remaining there for days, and if there should be a long age of water in the river there will be danger of a freeze over.

For February short storm periods run all along the bone, and the general character of the month will be stormy and blustering, with some very cold days at the first of the month and again at the close. These severe spells and continued cold weather will keep the ice and snow in the mountains, and the first spring month will be as hoary as old winter. As the bone ends very dark it is very probable that March will be a repetition of November. In that case the farmers will find it very difficult to break ground, and all kinds of vegetation will be very late in getting a start. It will not be safe to put things in the ground too soon, as such a winter will be likely to be followed by killing frosts late into April. The writer remembers to have seen only one other bone to compare with the one this year, and that season there were frosts as late as May. Every indication, from the reading of the bone, points to a backward spring, and the gardeners who have their richest harvest in early vegetation will find their work risky and difficult. —*Louisville Times.*

—An injunction has been granted in the Chancery Court at Knoxville against the lease of the Tennessee road by the Richmond & Danville.

——The U. S. steamer, Boston, recently sent to Hayti on a diplomatic mission, arrived at New York quarantine on Saturday with yellow fever on board; four men have died of the disease, and the surgeon and two men are sick.

1889.
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1889.
Harper's Young People.
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE begins its tenth volume with the first Number in November. During the year it will contain five serial stories, including "Dorvan tes," by KIRK MUNROE; "The Red Mustang," by W. O. STODDARD; and "A Day in Waxland," by R. K. MUNKITTRICK; "Nels Thurlow's Trial," by J. T. TROWBRIDGE; "The Three Wishes," by F. ANSTEY and BRANDER MATTHEWS; a series of fairy tales written and illustrated by HOWARD PYLE; "Home Studies in Natural History" by Dr. FELIX L. OSWALD; "Little Experiments," by SOPHIA B. HERRICK; "Glimpses of Child life from Dickens," by MARGARET E. SANGSTER; articles on various sports and pastimes, short stories by the best writers, and humorous papers and poems, with many hundreds of illustrations of excellent quality. Every line in the paper is subjected to the most rigid editorial scrutiny, in order that nothing harmful may enter its columns.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier.*

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—*Christian Advocate. N. Y.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid. $2 Per Year.

Vol. X commences November 6, 1888.

Specimen Copy sent on receipt of two-cent stamp.

SINGLE NUMBERS, Five Cents each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS New York.

FALL - - WINTER.

-: 1888 -:- 1889 :-

Look Down

the long list of GOODS that we carry, and see if there is anything you want.

FINE DRESS GOODS.
FLANNEL SUITINGS.
HENRIETTA CLOTHS.
EIDERDOWN.
VELVET and TRIMMINGS.
DRESS GINGHAM.
CALICOES.
COTTON PLAIDS.
LINSEY.
Red and White Flannel, 15 to 50c.
Cotton Flannels, all colors.
Ladies' Merino & Woolen Under Vests
Shawls,
Hosiery.
Gloves.
Gents' Cotton & Woolen Undershirts.
Gents' Woolen, Buck and Kid Gloves.
Jeans.
Ready-Made Pants.
Shirts.
Shoes, both Fine and Common.
Hats & Caps---we have a splendid line
A full line of Notions.
Salt,
Molasses,
Fertilizers,
Soap.
Crackers.
Axes and Handles.
Ware---we have the prettiest line in the city.
Bunch Cotton and Sheeting.
Carpets.
Umbrellas.
Gum Coats.
Spool Cotton.
Yarn Socks,
Fine Cassimeres, $2.75 to $6. per yard.
Burial Cases and Caskets.
Avery Plows,

and thousands of other things that we have not space to mention. If you want the goods we want to sell them, and in order to make an inducement to buyers, we are fioing to put prices down

TO THE VERY BOTTOM.

Do not wait in expectation of better bargains. There is an end to everything, and we've got to the end of cutting prices because

THEY CAN'T GO LOWER,

and leave us a living profit; you don't want to STARVE US OUT, so let us fit you out and we'll be happy all around.

Piles of Goods at the People's Prices

——AT——

FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN.

Salem, N. C., Nov. 15, 1888--tf.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. N. H. MEDEARIS

FALL AND WINTER, 1888.

HINSHAW & MEDEARIS,

FOURTH ST., WINSTON, N. C.

To the Readers of the Press:

When we came to Winston to live her population numbered about four hundred and her business was small. We had faith in the growth of both the town and the country tributary to it, also in our ability to keep our business in advance of both. From year to year we have added to our *facilities* and to our *stock* and have made our stock more complete than any in the State. Winston now has a population of about eight thousand, has one Rail Road and is building 3 more. We are *prepared* for the increase of business and now offer a stock of more than FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

all of which ere bought at the lowest cash prices and will be sold at prices that defy competition. It would take the whole of the PRESS to enumerate the articles composing our stock and as we have only a limited space we can only mention the different departments and ask each and every one of you to come and see for yourselves.

IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS we can and do compete successfully with Baltimore, Richmond and all Northern Cities.

OUR LADIES DEPARTMENT is more complete than ever and we offer fine DRESS GOODS, FLANNELS, MERINO UNDERWEAR, SHAWLS, CLOAKS, HOODS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, NOTIONS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, SHOES, BLANKETS, QUILTS, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, and hundreds of other articles of the very latest styles in great variety at lowest prices.

CARPETS,

We have during this year added to our stock CARPETS and have an elegant line of all grades from HEMP to VELVET at prices lower than same goods were ever sold at retail in this county.

GENTLEMEN AND BOYS will find our stock of CASSIMERES, JEANS, BOOTS, SHOES, SHIRTS, MERINO UNDERWEAR, COLLARS, CUFFS, HATS, TIES, &c., unequaled.

IT IS WELL KNOWN

that we handle the best GROCERIES that can be bought, this accounts for our large trade in COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, CANNED GOODS, FLOUR, MEAL, MEATS, and other groceries and provisions.

We have handled the following goods for many years and they have proved to be the best in the market.

BAY STATE BOOTS & SHOES

FOR MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS.

ZIEGLER'S FINE SHOES

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

P. COX'S FINE SHOES

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

HOLSTEIN WOOLEN MILLS ALL WOOL CASSIMERES, TWEEDS AND JEANS.
F. & H. FRIES' JEANS, YARNS, SHEETING and WOOL ROLLS.
L. B. & L. S. HOLT'S PLAIDS, EAGLE & PHENIX JEANS, TICKING and BALL SEWING THREAD.
J. & P. COATS' SPOOL COTTON.
ELKIN MF'G CO'S JEANS, TWEEDS, BLANKETS AND KNITTING YARNS.
EXCELSIOR COOK AND HEATING STOVES.

Our Stock of Staple Hardware,

WOODEN WARE, TIN WARE, BROOMS, KEGS, ROPE, LEATHER, OILS, PAINTS, and sundries is very large.

REMEMBER that we handle only the best GRASS SEED and FERTILIZERS, CORN, OATS, FLOUR, MEAL, CHOP, SHIP STUFF, BRAN, MEAT and LARD bought of first hands by the car load and sold at short profits.

Thanking you for your increased patronage and pledging ourselves to renew our exertions to please you we are

Your Friends Truly,

HINSHAW & MEDEARIS

Winston, N. C., Nov. 14, 1888.

With the return of another season we are glad to offer our friends and customers the kindest greetings and heartiest good wishes, that these columns can be made to convey. We certainly appreciate the patronage already given us, and shall try to prove worthy of continued confidence. We know we have goods our friends need, and we insert this notice to remind them of the basis on which our business is conducted, and also of the fact, that when the best goods at the lowest prices are wanted, no wiser thing can be done

THAN TO CALL UPON

CLINARD & BROOKES,

——DEALERS IN——

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND FAMILY SUPPLIES.

We aim to keep always on hand, fresh stock of the

CHOICEST GOODS

in our line that can be found in the market, and to give our customers the benefit of any advantages in purchasing which we may obtain.

Bargain seekers will find our establishment a good field to work, being continually on the lookout for chances to buy at

BED-ROCK FIGURES.

We are frequently able to make customers SPECIAL OFFERS that ordinary prices never touch and which careful purchasers will eagerly accept.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 30th, 1888—tf.

We Offer to Our Farmer Friends

TWO EXCELLENT IMPLEMENTS

MOST FARMING IN OUR

CUT-A-WAY HARROW

——AND——

ONE HORSE GRAIN DRILLS.

This Harrow will put your stubble land in fine order without using a plow, and will cut up the sod beautifully of turned land.

The ONE HORSE DRILL with FERTILIZER ATTACHMENT meets a long felt want. Those sold last season gave perfect satisfaction.

Examine the above and our other "good things" for the farm, such as

Cider Mills, Clipper Plows, &c.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO., Winston, N. C.

August 23rd, 1888.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1888.

LOCAL ITEMS.

☞ Our patrons who wish to pay in wood, will please deliver it without delay, as we need it.

—See Goose Bone.

—Thanksgiving to-day.

—Weather cold.

—The machinery of the paper mill is for sale.

—C. A. Winkler has turned the water into his ice pond.

Dr. Bahnson returned from his western trip on Sunday.

—Stokes county will celebrate its 99th birthday, December 22.

—Miss McCuiston is teaching the public school at Pleasant Fork.

—Chas. Rothrock celebrated his 69th birthday, instead of his 50th.

—Elm Street Sunday School is preparing for a Christmas concert.

—Miss Lula Z. Purnell left Sunday morning for her home in Raleigh.

—Dr. and Mrs. Siewers and children returned from their visit North on Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs W. A. Lemly returned from their Northern tour on last Saturday.

—The North Carolina Annual Conference of the Southern M. E. Church is in session at Newbern.

—Thos. H. Poindexter has been appointed a storekeeper at Shore, N. C., by the Secretary of the Treasury.

—Main street, between the mill race and the iron bridge, is being raised somewhat and thoroughly macadamized.

—Governor Scales, Tuesday, appointed Dr H. T. Bahnson, of Salem, a director of the Western Insane Asylum at Morganton, vice W. J. Yates, deceased.

BLANK BOOKS.—We have just added a complete assortment of Blank Books to our stock. ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston.

—A prayer meeting will be held in the Moravian church chapel every Sunday evening commencing at half past six. The meeting will not conflict with the regular 7 o'clock services.

—Dr. Rondthaler, on last Sunday evening, commenced a series of sermons on the life of Joseph, beginning with his captivity to the Ishmaelites. A very large audience was present.

—Capt. S. B. Alexander, President of the North Carolina Farmers' Alliance has appointed S. A. Hauser, of Forsyth, organizer for this county. Farmers wishing to join an Alliance can address him at Winston.

—In our tabulated statement of the vote of Forsyth county at the recent election an error occurred in the House column. In Vienna township Mr. Hauser's vote was 117 and Mr. Reynolds' 90. The totals foot up: Hauser, 2284; Reynolds, 2561.

—Genuine Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Holders at ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston.

—Frank Van Eaton, of Fork Church, Davie county, on his way home from Salisbury, rode into South River, at Swicegood's Ferry, and was drowned on the 9th inst. The horse swam out, but Van Eaton's body was not recovered for five days.

—An interesting protracted meeting was held last week at Olivet Church, near Pfafftown, in this county, conducted by Rev. R. P. Lineback, of the Moravian church at Bethania. Rev. John McCuiston, of this place, preached there, morning and afternoon, on Sunday last.

STOKES COURT.—At the recent term of Stokes County Superior Court Johnson Hairston was convicted of larceny and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, and Wm. (alias Buck) three years in the same for larceny.

—A large barn in East Bend, belonging to Mrs. Martha Poindexter, was completely destroyed by fire. A cow and five horses, which were stabled in it were burned to death. A fine horse valued at $150, belonging to Tom Miller, was among those burned. The fire is supposed to have originated from a spark from a saw mill situated about 50 yards off.—*Daily.*

—Why do you cough when a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Flynt's Cough Syrup will relieve you? For sale by Dr. SHAFFNER, Druggist, Salem, N. C.

HOGS — Joseph Stockton's two hogs weighed 940 pounds.

A. J. Snidar killed two, weighing 229 and 244.

David Enochs killed two, weighing 315 and 189.

Alfred Smith, of Broadbay township, killed six, the heaviest weighing 508 pounds, two years old. The others weighed 246, 244, 240, 236, and 219 pounds.

Richard Beeson killed two, 284 and 200.

Mrs. Ellen Stewart killed two, 396 and 360.

Madison Stewart killed two, 250 and 230.

Jonathan Bodenhamer killed three, 333, 315 and 230.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Nov. 24th, 1888:

Ladies.

Miss Bally Berryman, Miss Anna E. Griffin, (2) Mrs. Emma Hill, Mrs. S. J. Young.

Gentlemen.

Mr. N. A. Alexander, Mr. Preston Holder, Mr. Lewis C. Rominger, Mr. S. D. Swaim, (2) Mr. L. M. Smead.

Persons calling for these letters should say *Advertised*, and are required to pay 1c. for each letter.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

THE ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT.

A very appreciative audience attended the Salem Orchestra's first Concert for the season of 1888–'89, in the Academy Chapel, on last Friday night. The orchestral selections were by Mozart, Gounod, Strauss, Keler Bela, Mueller, Suppe, and Beissig. The orchestra's playing was marked by a strict attention to time and expression. The strings were especially good, and the great improvement in the bowing of the first violins was especially marked by an uniformity that we think deserves notice. There is a weakness here yet, but no doubt it will soon be overcome. The Danube Waltzes and the Katzenjammer were the favorites on the programme, the audience heartily encoring each. Miss Carmichael played the piano score.

Miss Evans sang the Waltz Aria from Gounod's Romeo and Juliet, responding kindly to an encore. She also sang Schubert's Am Meer and Dudley Buck's When the Linden Blooms, and a couple of duets with Professor Markgraff, Der Engel (Rubinstein) and Weiss ich dich in meiner Naehe (Abt). Miss Evans has the purest method of any lady singer we have heard in a long time. Some singers, like the average actress in high tragedy, consider that the audible gasp for breath to hold a prolonged note, or to express a tremendous emotion is absolutely necessary in order that the audience may catch on to that note or emotion, forgetting that per contra the audience is in a quandary whether the number of cubic feet of air inhaled will suffice, or whether it will result in another g-a-s-p. Miss Evans has none of this. She sings easily, limpidly, yet very expressively; her voice is under perfect control. She is a great acquisition to our musical circle. Prof. Markgraff's accompaniment playing is perfection. He seeks by the most delicate fingering to weave only a web of gossamer around the singer's voice, rounding out the intervals, filling in the rests with such force merely, that the theme is carried on until the singer takes it up again. His voice, too, is in keeping with his other musical accomplishments, and was shown to great advantage in the duets with Miss Evans. Mr. John Butner's bass solo, with orchestral accompaniment and male chorus, received an ovation. Mr. Butner is the excellent first violinist of the orchestra, and his work is always marked by great care in all details; but he brought down the house when he sang Waldmann's The Fisher Maiden. Strong, full compass, resonant, his voice filled the chapel with the melody. The applause was immense, an encore being demanded and redemanded. Mr. Mickey's cornet solos were very well played, and we hope to hear him again, for he has none of the brassy blastiness so common among cornet players Mr. Wm. Peterson (clarinet) and Mr. Bernard Ptohl (contra bass) played their parts very well. The Concert was a great musical success, but it demonstrated very clearly that there are comparatively few of our people who love good music when performed by home talent. C.

THE SALEM BAND.—Whenever you mention the good old Moravian settlement of Salem, N. C., it would be unjust to do so without associating music therewith. The town itself is 122 years old, and growing up beside of it is the live and progressive Winston. Both have been appropriately styled the Twin City of North Carolina. We have with us this week the famous old Salem Cornet Band, which dates back its organization to the year 1790. The band was with us last year and on many previous occasions. The music rendered each day is evidence sufficient of their high state of proficiency. They make good music and no mistake, excellent in variety and an abundance of it.—*Danville Register.*

[The Cornet Band will ever remember the kind treatment received in Danville.]

HUMOROUS LECTURE.

VON BOYLE, Humorist and Elocutionist, will lecture in Academy Chapel, Friday evening, December 7th. Mr. Boyle racks with the best lecturers in the country. The following notices will give the public an idea of what they may expect:

Rev. M. L. Haines, Astoria, L. I., says: "Mr. Ackland Boyle has the rare power of fitting feathers of wit to the arrows of moral truth, which he drives straight to the mark he aims at. * * * Two things are especially remarkable about his mirth provoking pieces: the purity of the humor and the *clever manner in which they are used to point a wholesome moral.* Success to him!"

Ithaca Journal, Washington Cor., Feb. 11th, 1875: "Mr. Ackland Boyle is fast wresting from *all competitors* the laurels they have won for years. * * * He excels most in German dialect pieces of his own composition, which have earned for him the somewhat curious title of Von Boyle."

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half a dollar a bottle at V. O. Thompson's Drug Store, Winston.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chiblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruption, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C.

—A serious fire in Hillsboro about 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, totally destroyed 3 buildings, losses heavy.

The First Thanksgiving Services in Western North Carolina.

To-day is Thanksgiving Day throughout this broad land. It is well for us, in our present prosperity to look back at the hardships endured by our forefathers, in settling this glorious part of our State. In this section, and among the Moravians in particular, recollections of the past are especially interesting, though they have often been published.

In the following brief sketch taken from "Moravians in North Carolina," a little volume now very scarce and valuable, we find that in the fall of 1752 a band of brethren from Pennsylvania toiled through the then almost impassable mountain region of Virginia, and finally arrived in September, at Edenton, and secured the services of General Surveyor, Mr. Churton, also the Agent of Lord Granville, one of the proprietors of North Carolina, and who had offered a tract of land to the Moravian Brethren. From Edenton they traveled westward, and in October reached the Catawba river, then the frontier of the settlements of the colony. Here they entered the vast tract of forest and mountain lands and wandered over 8 weeks without finding a suitable tract of land. Their supply of provisions, though used very sparingly, was entirely consumed, and they had to rely on the exertions of the two huntsmen who had accompanied them. But even they, though well accustomed to the roving forest life, became discouraged. Game was not as plentiful as might be expected, and the pasture for the horses became more scarce. After three days of fasting two deer were shot, which revived their strength and courage. Following their compass eastward, they reached the river Yadkin by the end of December, and willingly accepted the offer of some white settlers to spend a few days under their humble but hospitable roof. In their neighborhood, and by their direction, they found at last what they had been seeking for too far westward in vain—a larger tract of rolling woodland, well watered, and apparently well adapted for their plans.

Here, then, in the almost trackless forest, they returned thanks for their deliverance from want; and we can easily imagine the venerable bishop, with tear-dimmed eyes, thanking the Lord for the supply of food, and the enjoyment of this the first thanksgiving dinner prepared before the roaring log fire in the mountain wilds of North Carolina.

December 27th, 1752, at the southwest corner of the Wachovia tract, the surveyors commenced, and continued to January 13th, 1753. The tract, surveyed in fourteen parcels, contained 73,037 acres. Bishop Spangenberg and his companions having returned to Pennsylvania, Mr. Churton subsequently surveyed five other parcels, amounting with the others to 98,985 acres.

By dividing and subdividing the large county of Rowan, this tract has been successively in Rowan, 1770 in Surry, 1789 in Stokes, and since 1848 in Forsyth.

On October 9th, 1753, twelve brethren starteded from Bethlehem, Pa., for their new home in the South. Their route led through the western part of Virginia. In a wagon, drawn by six horses, they carried with them various articles needed on a long journey over roads seldom traveled. To provide food for their horses, some of their number would go to the different farms, sometimes ten miles off their road, and help to thrash the oats, besides paying its full value. Not unfrequently they had to unload and carry a portion of the load over the mountains. Sometimes the night set in before this task was accomplished, and thus the company became separated, some passing the night in the wagon, others sleeping under their tent. They generally prepared their frugal morning meal at 3 o'clock, and started by the dawn of day, after their regular morning prayer. Travelling by Winchester and Augusta Courthouse, a small town of twenty houses, after crossing the Blue Ridge at Evan's Gap, and passing the upper Sauratown, they arrived on the 13th of November on the northern line of North Carolina. On Saturday, the 17th of November, at 3 o'clock, P. M., they reached the spot where stands to this day, the town of Bethabara, now commonly called Old Town, thanking the Lord for his gracious help and protection vouchsafed unto them during their long and toilsome journey of nearly six weeks.

Here they found shelter in a small cabin, built and previously inhabited by a German of the name of Hans Wagner, but then unoccupied. In the evening, when keeping their first love-feast, they were forcibly reminded that it was a wilderness, for they heard the wolves howling about the cabin. The brethren immediately began work and by the 4th of December 8 acres of wheat were sown.

Four days after their arrival, November 21st, the brethren celebrated the Lord's Supper, on which occasion the Saviour manifested his presence in their midst so graciously, that their faith and hope were greatly strengthened.

Here then, a year later, we find the brethren again giving thanks; but under more encouraging circumstances. It was a custom among the Moravians to give thanks for temporal and spiritual blessings at this season. Since the proclamations of the President of the United States and the Governors of the States, setting apart a day of Thanksgiving, they have observed these days by Church services.

Let us therefore be thankful and take courage for the future.

Who is Nellie Bly?

The following extract from an interview with Mrs. Gen. Grant by Nellie Bly, printed in the *N. Y. World*, October 28th, will show who Nellie Bly is:

"I was somewhat nervous about my visit to Mrs. Grant. I only knew of her as the wife of the famous general; the successful hostess for eight years in the White House; the woman who had, in making a tour of the world, been received as a queen in every civilized land. Would any one wonder, then, at my apprehension, when women of so much meaner light so often try to parry all attempts at approach. But I was wrong.

"My son tells me," Mrs. Grant said, with a pleasant laugh, after greetings had been exchanged and she had drawn me by the hand to a chair and seated herself on a lounge most cordially near, "that Nellie Bly is a little scamp"—

"Oh, no, no," I broke in, but holding her finger up playfully, she continued:

"That, not being content with exposing the Blackwell's Island Insane Asylum—yes, and benefitting it wondrously—and exposing Phelps, the great Albany lobbyist, she needs must go to Central Park and allow herself to be 'mashed' and then tell all about it in *The World*, so that now none of the men dare wink at a girl while out driving, lest she be Nelly Bly."

"Why, that's a shame," I replied, and we both laughed, I fear not altogether in pity of the men.

Nelly Bly's first article will appear in the January issue of *Godey's*. Be sure your subscription is sent in on time, to get this issue. The Christmas number of *Godey* is the best ever issued. Always address GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Philadelphia, Penna.

PRESS and GODEY for $3.

"PECK'S BAD BOY."

BROWN'S OPERA HOUSE.

Monday Night, Dec. 3.

FORSYTH RIFLEMEN BENEFIT.

"The company presenting this play is particularly strong this season, each member being selected for his individual ability to portray properly the *role* assigned him. The music, which is a bright particular feature of this excellent entertainment, is all new, melodious and 'catchy.' A constellation of artists of well-known ability will present a pleasing *divertissement* by the presentation of specialties of a refined nature.

"'Peck's Bad Boy' is one of the best known people in America, and the accounts of his latest escapades from week to week have been eagerly awaited by hosts of people. It was thought by the author, Mr. Geo. W. Peck, that the people who were so much interested in reading about the 'Bad Boy' and the tricks played upon his 'Pa' and the 'Grocerymа' would like to see him. So Mr. Peck arranged with Mr. Charles F. Pidgin, of Boston, for a dramatic version of the 'Bad Boy's' pranks. The play was produced, and the result showed that Mr. Peck had been correct, for the play caught on at once and is still holding on. The familiar scenes of the original sketches are reproduced on the stage in a manner so realistic and funny that the sourest misanthrope could not help laughing."—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE WEATHER NORTH.—A very violent storm raged all along the coast on Monday. The snow storm extended all along the Atlantic coast from New England as far south as Nortolk, Va.

—THE STATE GUARD.—Adjutant General Johnstone Jones, who is in the city, informs us that the State Guard is now in a most flourishing condition. He says he is constantly besieged with applications of new companies for arms, and that there seems to be a greater interest and a tendency to organize new companies than ever before known. He says it is probable that the State Guard will arrange to participate in the inauguration of Governor elect Fowle in January.—*News and Observer.*

The Christmas Harper.

A glance at the Table of Contents of the Christmas Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will show that it is an exceptionally strong issue. The spirit of the Holidays pervades its clear and artistic pages. Particular attention should be given to the frontispiece, "The Viking's Daughter," after one of F. S. Church's pictures.

The plot of this first story, "The Last Mass," turns upon the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and it gives Walter Besant an excellent chance, which he has not neglected. It is fully illustrated.

"A Likely Story," is one of Mr. W. D. Howell's best farces.

The excellent poetry in the Number is nobly supported by the illustrations which go with it.

"Sosrus Dismal," by William W. Archer, is a negro dialect story of more than usual merit.

"A Christmas Mystery of the Fifteenth Century" is a full description of the origin, limitations, and environment of the liturgical plays of the Middle Ages.

"A Midnight Ramble" describes what W. Hamilton Gibson saw among the flowers during a ramble on a summer's night.

The above is only an outline of this sumptuous number. Every family ought to have it. Price 35 cents. By the year in club with the PEOPLE'S PRESS, $4 50.

MARRIED.

In this place, on the 22nd inst., by Dr. Rondthaler, Henry H. Smith to Miss Ellen C. Hine.

In the Moravian church, at Bethania, on the 21st inst., by Rev. R. P. Leinbach George H. Hauser to Miss Mary R. Transou—all of this county.

At Farmington, Davie county, V. E. Swaim to Miss Laura Crenshaw.

DIED.

At his residence at Fry's Mill, Davidson county, on Friday, the 23rd inst., of pneumonia, Jacob Foltz, son of John Foltz aged 37 years, 11 months and 15 days.

At his grandparent's residence, near Salem, Rolfe Augustus, son of John and Emma Reich, aged 3 years and 6 months.

Sleep on in thy beauty,
Thou sweet angel child,
By sorrow unblighted,
By sin undefiled.

Like the dove to the ark,
Thou hast flown to thy rest,
From the wild sea of strife,
To the home of the blest.

COM.

THE LAST CALL FOR TAXES.

This is to give notice that I will attend at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting the State and County taxes for the year 1888:

Waughtown,	Tuesday,	Dec.	4th
Clinard's,	Wednesday,	"	5th
Joe Beeson's,	Thursday,	"	6th
Kernersville,	Friday,	"	7th
Robinson's Store,	Saturday,	"	8th
Harden Haizlip's,	Monday,	"	10th
Walkertown,	Tuesday,	"	11th
Old Town,	Wednesday,	"	12th
Bethania,	Thursday,	"	13th
Elijah Reed's,	Friday,	"	14th
Brookstown,	Saturday,	"	15th
Lewisville,	Monday,	"	17th
Crater's Store,	Tuesday,	"	18th
Winston,	Wednesday,	"	19th
Salem,	Thursday,	"	20th

I hope all persons will meet me at these places and pay their Taxes, as I am obliged to settle. JOHN BOYER,

Winston, Nov. 20, 1888. Sheriff.

☞ All persons are forbidden to hunt with gun, dog, net, or to trap any game on the lands of the undersigned under penalty of the law.

These lands adjoin the lands of David Shoaf, Noah Hine, Lewis and Reuben Wilson, John Hege, Pinck. Snider, Mrs. Lottie Charles and others, situated near New Friendship church, in this county.

S. A. HEGE.

POLITICAL

Bee Hive.

1888.

The political campaign of Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Eight will go into history as one of the hardest fought in our nation. Almost all political methods imaginable are brought to bear upon the voters in order to induce them to vote solidly for the nominees of their respective parties. By some people—party leaders especially—it is considered to be an almost unpardonable and unpatriotic act to cast one's ballot different to what their ancestral training had been or their former political ties, no matter how sincere they are nor what patriotic motives prompt them. But, nevertheless, it is a fact undeniable that men who act independently of political parties and are governed by a desire only for our country's good, are the conservators of our nation's welfare. In our State and Nation we have three leading political parties that are asking our suffrages,—Democratic, Republican and Prohibition. Each has its platform of principles, and each is entitled to the honest consideration of all voters. The Democratic party is fighting along the line of tariff reduction, and claims that a higher tariff than it takes to meet the expenses of the government economically administered is dangerous and unjust. The Republican party claims to be for a revision and reduction of the tariff, keeping in view the protection of the American manufacturer. The Prohibition party claims that the tariff should be so reduced that no surplus shall be accumulated in the treasury, and the burdens of taxation should be removed from food, clothing and other comforts and necessaries of life, and imposed on such articles as will give protection to the manufacturing employer and producing laborer against the competition of the world, but they declare that the paramount issue in politics,—which causes the annual waste of seven hundred million dollars, three-fourths of all the crime and pauperism, and consequently a very large per cent. of the burden of taxation is the liquor traffic, hence they declare for the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages. It is for one of these three parties that we as voters of our County and State must cast our ballots. It takes sober reflection to be able to cast and intelligent ballot. This we cannot do if we are in any way influenced by appeals to passions, prejudice or fear. The ballot is a sacred gift. It is intended to be the expression of a man's principle, and when cast other than according to reason, unprejudiced and unbiased, is a false ballot. Every man is sacredly responsible for his ballot, and the man who violates his conscience and honor for the sake of saving any political party is no better than the man who sells his vote, and both should be disfranchised in order to conduce to our nation's honor.

Back behind a party and its candidates are its principles, and it is for these that our votes are cast and must be counted, and it does not modify our responsibility because we cast it in the interest of any political party, no matter how we love it, nor how hard we have helped to fight its battles, unless its platform and actions conform to our idea of what would be best for the greatest number of people and our nation's welfare. If there is an act in any man's life where conscience should be heard it is in casting his ballot. It is a burning shame that men are to be found who will stifle their conscience, and be led by political demagogues to cast their ballots for the party contrary to what their reason tells them is right. And now we have this to say, and especially to the young man casting his first ballot, no matter what has been the political creed of your ancestors. Remember "that a state and nation is made by the freemen who compose it, and whatever strikes at the manhood of a nation strikes at its life." Also remember that a vote for principle is never thrown away though you may not elect a single man you may vote for. A ballot other than for principle is thrown away though you elect all your candidates for a century. Out upon such ethics as are advanced by some political demagogues that a vote is thrown away unless it goes for a candidate that is elected: such doctrine is dangerous to our country's good, and beneath the notice of any patriot. So, by a slight change of the words of a distinguished N. C. Senator, our advice is, "Say your prayers, mind your wives and mothers," buy your goods at the BEE-HIVE CASH STORE, and vote according to the dictates of conscience and true patriotism, and you will never have cause to fear the result, no matter whose party is hurt.

Yours, anxious to please,

W. D. BAITY & SONS.

N. B.—We have a large assortment of winter goods, and call your attention to our line of fine and medium Dress Goods, Boots, Shoes and Hats. Our first lot of 300 pairs of our $1.00 warranted boots are gone, and we will have another lot of 300 pairs shortly. Our home-made shoes are the best and prices the lowest. Come and see us, judge for yourselves, buy when your reason tells you, and we won't fear the consequences.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES THE BEST!

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$0 95 to 1 00
Corn, per bushel,	50 to 00
Oats, " "	40 to 45
Rye, " "	00 to 70
Barley, per bushel,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 50 to 2 75
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 50
Peas, (white,) " "	0 00 to 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white) " "	0 00 to 0 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 t 0 00
Pork,	7 to 8
Lard,	8 to 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	08 to 09
" Hams,	10 to 12
Green Apples, per bushel,	0 50 to 0 75
Eggs,	12 to 15
Butter, per pound,	18 to 20
Tallow, " "	4 to 00
Beeswax, " "	00 to 25
Flax Seed, per bushel,	75 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	50 to 0 75
Potatoes, sweet, " "	40 to 0 00
Cabbage, per pound,	2 to 0 00
Chickens,	12 to 20
Hay	45 to 50

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs.—Common, sound,	$ 4.50 to $6.00
" Medium,	6.00 to 8 50
" Good,	8.50 to 11.00
" Fine,	14.00 to 18.00
Leaf.—Common,	6.00 to 8.00
" Medium,	9.00 to 12.00
" Good,	13.00 to 13.00
Cutters.—Good,	18.00 to 25.00
" Fine,	30.00 to 40.00
Wrappers.—Common	23.00 to 26.00
" Medium,	00.00 to 00.00
" Good,	30.00 to 45.00
" Fine,	55.00 to 60.00

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries free from seed, well dried	11 to 12c
Blackberries, well dried,	4½c
Whortleberries, well dried,	6c
Raspberries, well dried,	12 to 13c
Damson plums, free from seed,	5c
Bright quarter apples, well dried,	2 to 2½c
Bright sliced apples, well dried,	2½ to 3½c
Fancy sliced apples, well dried,	4 to 4½c
Extra fancy sliced apples, well dried,	5c.
Half peaches, unpeeled, free from seed,	3c
Bight peeled peaches,	6 to 7c
Fancy peeled peaches,	08 to 09c
Extra fancy peeled peaches,	10 to 11c

NOTICE.

Valuable Property FOR SALE

IN WAUGHTOWN, N. C.

Having decided to go West, I now offer my property for sale. There are about five acres of fertile land at *west* end of Waughtown, on south side main road, on which is situated a very neat and costly building of 9 rooms, one good Store House 18x56 feet, good well of water, good barn and smoke house of elegant design, also all other necessary out-houses,—all nearly new and under best of repair, and one of the most desirable and best arranged houses in Waughton, and will only have to be seen to be appreciated.

To the merchant I would say that I have now established a good trade in the mercantile business at this place and you can do well selling goods here, and the merchant or manufacturer can find no better location than the above named.

I will also sell my one-half interest in STEAM SAW MILL, now located at Walnut, Cove, N. C.

I will, from October 1st, commence selling my entire stock of

GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods and Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Groceries, &c.

AT AND BELOW COST.

☞ Come early, if you want a bargain in anything above offered.

☞ TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

Respectfully,

JOHN H. SINK,
Waughtown, N. C.

Sept. 25, 1888—tf.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

FOR 1889.

Madam! See what **15 cents** will do! It will bring you a sample copy of **Godey's Lady's Book**, which will tell you how to get the **Seal-skin Sacque**, the **Silk Dress**, the **Gold Watch** and **Cottage Organ**, and other valuables, without a dollar.

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER

two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to **"Godey,"** THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE IN AMERICA.

For 1889 it will contain: Fashions in Colors, Fashions in black and white; latest from Europe. Original Novelties in Needle Work and Embroidery. Latest and most popular Music. Plans for the house you want to build. Directions for decorating your home. Cookery and household help, by Mrs. CHAS. HOPE, teacher in several fashionable New York academies, and selected by the Board of Education for the New York Public Schools. Literary enrichments by NELLY BLY, *who got herself locked up in an insane asylum to find out how they treated the insane*, ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, EMILY LENNOX, OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, Mrs. HIESTAND, EDGAR FAWCETT, DAVID LOWRY, etc.

Every Lady Her own Dressmaker

who subscribes to Godey's Lady's Book. The *coupon* which you will find in each number entitles you to your own selection of any cut paper pattern illustrated in Godey's Lady's Book. Your **15c.** Sample Copy will contain one of these coupons.

Send 15 cents for Sample, which will be allowed on your subscription when received.

The pattern shows you how to cut out the garment you want. That's all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number, for which send 15c. at once. "GODEY" is only $2.00 a year.

Address "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," Philadelphia, Pa.

In Club with this paper. GODEY'S and the PEOPLE'S PRESS, price $3, which should be sent to office of this Paper.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale a valuable tract of land, lying about two miles south of Salem, on the waters of Middle Fork, containing

ONE HUNDRED ACRES

more or less. Good bottom lands and meadows, and a portion well timbered. Comfortable dwelling and good outhouses and barn. Any person wishing to purchase would do well to call on or correspond with

MRS. ANNIE M. EBERT,
Walnut Cove, Stokes County, N. C.

Nov. 15—4t.

● THE ●

Farmer's and Planter's ALMANAC

— FOR SALE —

Wholesale and Retail,

— BY —

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

SALEM, N. C.

BEVAN, THE JEWELER,

55 MAIN ST., WINSTON, N. C.

Returns his most sincere and hearty thanks to the good people of Winston-Salem and Piedmont section for their liberal patronage in the past and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, and having just returned from New York is now opening many novelties suitable for BRIDAL and HOLIDAY PRESENTS, together with Ladies and Gent's

FINE GOLD WATCHES,

VEST, WAIST AND CHATELAINE CHAINS,

DIAMOND & PLAIN SOLID GOLD WEDDING RINGS,

with the most complete assortment of JEWELRY to be found in N. W. N. C., also

PURE SILVER SPOONS, RICH TABLE WARE. Full line of BRONZE and ENAMELED PARLOR CLOCKS, REAL BRONZES, STATUARY, VASES, &c.

GOLD AND SILVER HEAD and other styles of WALKING CANES, all of which is offered at honest living prices and every article guaranteed as represented.

Call and be convinced.

Nov. 15, 1888—tf.

GET THE OLD ORIGINAL WAUGHTOWN WAGONS

THE W. E. SPACH WAGON!

MADE BY

J. C. SPACH,

Shops at Waughtown.

P. O. SALEM, N. C.

Runs as Easy as the Easiest Running Wagon in North Carolina!

The subscribers offer a fine lot of Wagons, made in their unsurpassed style and finish at REDUCED PRICES. These wagons have been favorably known for 45 years, and always give satisfaction. They are carefully and substantially made by

HAND-WORK ALONE!

(As other reliable shops did in establishing their reputation—and will continue to make them so.) They employ the best workmen and use the very best material. Have now on hand timber 3 years ahead and expect to make better wagons than ever. Remarkable for light draft, durability and general excellence of finish. Will use the best Pennsylvania Iron, and by working at the bench themselves can warrant their wagons well made. They have their own saw mills and take none but the best timber for wagons. Will work no more apprentices. All kinds of wagon lumber and country produce taken in exchange for work. Their wagons are lighter than any other of the same capacity, a big item on bad roads. Their steel skeins are of best make and never break.

They make over one wagon per day, and can ship promptly. They make the Box Bed Wagon as cheap as the Western Wagon, and make the plantation lock on running gear, which cannot be found on Western Wagons. Were awarded a Diploma at Exposition of 1884. Steel skeins nothing extra, and steel tire $2.50 extra only. Why not buy their wagons.

WAGONS ALWAYS ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.

☞ Thankful for past favors they solicit a continuance of the same. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Where they go they call for more.

JOHN C. SPACH, Agent, Waughtown, N. C.

July 26, 1888—tf.

ONE CAR LOAD NEW LEE STOVES.

CALL ON CRAWFORD

When in need of Nails, Horseshoes, Axes, Hoes, Mattocks,

Cane Mills, Evaporators, Mowers

and Farming Implements of all kinds, Machinery of every description, or, in fact, for anything in the

HARDWARE LINE

go to R. R. CRAWFORD'S, who keeps a large and complete stock of the best quality of

HARDWARE

which he sells at bottom figures.

Cincinnati Buggies

— and —

TOCACCO FLUES

A SPECIALTY.

DON'T—FORGET—THE—PLACE.

R. R. CRAWFORD,

HARDWARE MERCHANT,

LIBERTY ST., WINSTON, N. C

Aug. 16, 1888.

LADIES!

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price **10c.** a package. 40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by

Dr. J. F. SHAFFNER, Druggist.

LAND SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A MORTGAGE DEED to me executed by W. D. Stewart and wife, and registered in book 29, page 560, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Forsyth County, on Saturday the 8th day of December, 1888, at the court house door in Winston, at 1 o'clock, P. M., I will sell, at public auction, for Cash, a tract of land adjoining Timothy Booze and others, containing 51 Acres.

JACOB YOKELY,
Mortgagee.

Oct. 22, 1888. tds.

MORTGAGE SALE.

BY virtue of a Mortgage Deed executed by N. Crowder and wife, and recorded in Book 3, in Recorder's office of Forsyth county, I will sell for cash to the highest bidder, on the

1st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1888,

at the Court-House door in Winston, the House and Lot in Waughtown, now occupied by said N. Crowder.

Sale to take place at 1 o'clock, p. m.

N. S. SIEWERS.

Salem, N. C., Nov. 1, 1888.

TAX NOTICE.

The Corporation Tax Books are now made up. Persons liable for Taxes will please call on me and pay their Taxes without delay. The levy is 40 cents on the $100, $1.20 on the Poll, and $2.00 Road Tax.

L. N. CLINARD, *Collector.*

Salem, N. C., Oct. 10, 1888.

THIS PAPER is on file in the Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) at the Bureau of Messrs N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents

Tobacco Flues!

—AT THE—

BIG COFFEE POT

—ARE THE—

BEST IN THE MARKET.

We have selected our sheet iron from a number of samples and would respectfully say that we believe we have the

TOUGHEST IRON

this year than ever before.

We cannot lead in low prices as every one sells at the same, but we can and will

LEAD IN QUALITY

BOTH OF IRON AND WORK.

—WE HAVE A—

SOLID REPUTATION ON FLUES

and we always strive to improve it.

GIVE US A CALL.

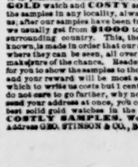
Thanking you for your past liberal patronage.

Very Respectfully,

W. O. SENSEMAN & CO.,

Main St., SALEM, N. C

No. 30—1y.



FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 on 10 days' trial. Just 1885 watch in the world. Perfect time keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent, both ladies and gents' size with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 6 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us, after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $2000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 813, PORTLAND, MAINE.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Cow Pea Vine as Fertilizer.

While my trees were small, says a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, I commenced planting peas and turning the vines under while green. It took but one or two trials to satisfy me that the cost was greater than the benefit received. I then tried planting later, allowing the vines to mature and die upon the ground. This proved much more satisfactory, as the peas gathered paid for seed and labor, while the land was left in much better condition. About this time I secured seed of the Conch pea, which I continued to use until the trees were too large to permit of its being grown successfully. The method I followed was to keep the ground thoroughly cultivated until about the first of June, then mark off in checks three feet each way. When the ground is thoroughly moist, plant two seeds in each check, allowing but one plant to the hill when well established. This pea would cover the ground if planted twice distance apart. The advantage of close planting is that they will cover the ground in half the time, saving much labor in keeping the ground clean until the vines cover it. By planting in checks the cultivator or sweep can be run both ways, leaving but little to be done with the hoe. If the ground is kept clean until the vines cover it, very little grass or weeds will grow, the pea-vines forming a dense mass of vegetation, and taking the best of care of the grove until the following February, when the soil will be found soft and mellow, and the vines sufficiently decayed to break up easily with the cultivator or plough. It will be necessary to go over the grove once each week to keep the vines off the orange trees. But little seed will be produced, enough, however, to in part pay the expense of planting.

Swine.

A paper read by Theodore Louis, Louisville, Wis., at one of the Wisconsin Farmers' Institutes contained the following practical suggestions on the raising of swine: Clover, green or in a dry state, is always of first importance. The near future will probably develop the fact that the silo will enable the farmer to winter his swine at less cost, and insure them with health and vigor. Squash, pumpkins, rutabagas and mangles will cheapen the cost of production and add materially to the growth. Bran, middlings, ground oats, of equal parts, steamed and fed warm, will be found profitable feeding, as to growth, development of muscle and bone. If oil meal is added, well cooked, one pound to twenty, it will fill the bill of fare for milk and a large proportion of nitrogen. Where buttermilk is fed in large quantities, one pound of oil meal, well cooked, added to every hundred pounds of milk, will increase the feeding value highly. Buttermilk is slightly constipating, but the oil meal will remedy this. The food should be as nature left it—sweet. Sour, decayed swill is poison. Salt should always be placed where swine have access to it in their yards or pens, in troughs or shelves, not on the ground in barnyards, as it will absorb the poison of yards. Two bushels of charcoal, broken into fine particles, one-half bushel of wood ashes, eight quarts of salt, well mixed, one and one-quarter pound of green copperas, either dissolved in water or ground fine, mixed with the above, should always be in a self-feeding-box, with a good cover on it, where swine can have free access to it. When high feeding of carbonaceous and concentrated food is resorted to in time of fattening, soft sandstone, brick dust, or even dry clay, will be greatly relished—in fact all the above ingredients are essential to aid digestion and kill intestinal worms. I consider ground food, as a rule, the most economical.

Suggestions About Packing Apples.

In packing apples the practice is to face two rows of fair, sightly apples, stem down, against the head, to be opened when offered for sale, as in this way they look better when the barrel is opened than if they were put in last and pressed down by the head. After the apples, in what is to be the opening end of the barrel, are properly arranged, it may be filled up by laying the fruit in indiscriminately, but small or imperfect apples should all be kept out. The barrel should be packed as full as it can be made to hold, and a little gentle rocking is allowable, as the filling proceeds, to assist in settling them uniformly. The last apples put in should come up above the croze in the barrel, so that when the screw is used to put the head down into its place the packing will be tight enough to prevent any shaking or movement of the apples when the barrels are handled. The proper degree of pressure to be applied can only be learned by experince, but it is quite as often too little as too much.

It is worthy of note that apples slightly bruised or indented by the pressure of the heads do not ordinarily rot from that cause, while if injured to the same extent in some other way before they were barreled they would do so. The difference is probably owing to the continued pressure; as it is generally believed apples keep better under pressure in the barrel than when laid in loosely, or when put into bulk previous to barreling.

It is advised, when packing apples in barrels, to make first and second qualities, and in cases where there is a small portion of unusually large fruit, even a third quality. In this way uniformity in size, which contributes greatly to the appearance, can be preserved, and, while one quality will sell higher than a lower one, the aggregate amount received will be larger than when large, medium and small apples are packed together.

It is sometimes advised to pack both heads alike, so that when opened each end shall show courses of the best apples, stem upward. A more general and far better way is: After the apples have been faced to the head standing on the ground and the barrel is filled up to the croze, to finish up with apples that will well represent the smallest ones the barrel contains. Two good reasons can be given for so doing. One is that as the apples are to be pressed down small ones will lie closer together and pack down better under the pressure of the head than large ones will, and if a few are squeezed too hard the damage will be less than if they were of the largest. Another and still better reason is that a buyer may in this way have the opportunity of seeing a sample of the smallest as well as of the largest and best.

Extremes, however, should be avoided, and unusually large and fine apples should be packed by themselves, as before intimated, and form an extra fine quality to be sold for a fancy price, and quite small ones should not be packed at all. Only good, fair sized and merchantable apples should go in as No. 1, and the small size should be packed as No. 2. Uniformity in size should be preserved throughout as well as possible, except that when opened one head may show slightly above and the other slightly below the general average.—*New York World.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Damp quarters cause roup.

Six poor apples will affect the grade of an entire barrel.

On the farm, as elsewhere, misfortune is the shadow of carelessness.

The laurel needs special care to induce it to grow away from its native wilds.

To obtain the best results plant rhubarb not nearer than three feet apart each way.

A good picture of folly would be a man burning the straw his land had grown.

Lime, gravel and bones should always be kept where the fowls can easily get all they wish.

Do not storm and fret. Be quiet and kind, and the horse will be so too, in most cases.

It is noticeable that the large majority of vicious horses are handled by bad-tempered men.

Sulphate of iron is reported as the most popular of all remedies in France against mildew.

A leading apiarist of Canada thinks that granulated sugar should be used for feeding bees, as it is safer than to risk feeding cheap sugar.

The common red clover is better than the large for general purposes. The latter is difficult to cure, makes coarser hay and is more apt to become musty.

Plant grape vines, raspberry, blackberry, currant and all kinds of trees from October 1 to December 1—the earlier the better. Notice how much greater growth they will make next season than those planted next spring.

Relics of William Penn.

There is in possession of the Heitshue family of Lancaster, Penn., an edition of the Bible in three folio volumes, on the lid of the first volume of which, in large gilt letters, is this inscription:

THE GIFT
of
The Rt. Hon'ble
LADY JULIANA PENN
to
THE JULIANA LIBRARY,
At Lancaster.

Juliana Penn was the wife of Thomas Penn, William Penn's son, who was one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania in 1770, the date of the publication of the Bible. The Juliana Library was the third public library to be founded in America, it having been chartered in 1763. It was named in honor of Lady Penn, who was a daughter of the Earl of Pomfret, and she recognized the fact by presenting the Bible to the library. The volumes are 11 inches by 17½ inches in size. As specimens of the binder's art these books are magnificent. They are bound in full Russia leather, and are adorned by elaborate hand-tooling on the backs and outside and inner margins of the covers. The edition was printed in London, and contains the famous Commentaries by William Dodd, LL.D., "Prebendary of Brecon and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty," who was executed for forgery in 1777.

The books and property of the Juliana Library were sold by auction in 1843 to satisfy claims against it, and the three volumes were purchased by William Heitshue. Among other valuable relics of this ancient library is the copperplate of Thomas Penn, engraved in 1751 by Martin, one of the pioneer copperplate engravers of this country, the drawing of the portrait being by an artist named Davis. This plate is in the possession of John P. Schaum, who refuses all offers to permit impressions to be taken from it, fearing that it may be lost or injured.—*New York Sun.*

Distinguished Examples of Longevity.

The New York *Sun* has compiled the following list of living celebrities who have passed the age of three score and ten in the full possession of all their mental faculties:

Name.	Occupation.	Age
Airy, Sir G. B.	Astronomer	87
Bancroft, George	Historian	88
Farnard, F. A. P.	College President	78
Barnum, P. T.	Philosopher	78
Bartlett, Sidney	Lawyer	80
Bismarck, Prince	Statesman	73
Blackie, J. S.	Scholar	79
Bright, John	Statesman	77
Browning, Robert	Poet	77
Bunsen, Robert E.	Chemist	77
Cameron, Simon	Statesman	75
Chevreul, M. E.	Chemist	96
Conant, T. J.	Scholar	88
Curtis, George T.	Lawyer	76
Dana, J. D.	Geologist	75
Davis, Jefferson	Statesman	80
Dollinger, Ignatius	Theologian	85
Dow, Neal	Reformer	86
Ericsson, John	Engineer	84
Feuillet, Octave	Author	76
Field, David D.	Lawyer	82
Gerrill, Aaron	Actor	78
Gladstone, Wm. E.	Statesman	75
Granville, Earl	Statesman	73
Grevy, Jules	Statesman	81
Grove, Sir William R.	Physicist	77
Hamlin, Hannibal	Statesman	79
Holmes, O. W.	Poet	79
Hubner, Baron	Diplomatist	77
Kenrick, Peter R.	Archbishop	82
Kinglake, Alex. W.	Historian	75
Lagonye, Ernest W.	Dramatist	81
Leo XIII.	The Pope	78
Lesseps, Ferdinand de.	Engineer	83
Manning, H. E.	Cardinal	76
Meissonier, Jean Louis.	Painter	70
McCosh, James	Metaphysician	77
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Waiting for a Railway Collision.

"Ours is a profession that tries men's soul," said a train despatcher. "Notwithstanding that in late years the different railways have adopted rules which thoroughly systematize the business, even with all the safeguards a little bit of carelessness or dereliction of duty is liable to cause trouble, and not only loss of property, but in many instances is attended with loss of life.

"I remember some years ago when I had charge of trains on a Southern road, where telegraph offices were few and far between, of giving an order to the operator at a certain station to hold the north bound passenger train for orders, so that I might help the south-bound passenger train to make its meeting point, the latter being somewhat late. The operator repeated the holding order, for which I gave him 'O. K.' I then gave the southbound train an order to use some of the north-bound train's time to make the meeting point. Instead of holding the north-bound train for orders, the operator let it go by him. The road was crooked, and as both trains were between telegraph stations, I started to walk the floor and wait until I should hear of their coming together. The suspense was terrible, almost unfitting me for my other duties. As good luck would have it, the north-bound train, which had undisputed right of the road, was delayed before reaching the meeting point. When the first train reached a telegraph station I felt relieved, but the strain had been so terrible on my nerves that I was not good for much for several days, and the experience will ever remain in my mind.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Fishing for Fish.

Sir James Crichton-Browne tells, in an English magazine, the story of an amateur angler who went to fish in a Scotch stream, provided with the finest rod and reel that money could buy, the most invisible tackle, and the most improved fly-hooks. He threshed the water for hours without getting a nibble, and then had the mortification of seeing an old fisherman near him pull out the trout by dozens, with nothing but a bit of stick, a string and a hook baited with worms. The amateur angler looked on puzzled and disappointed, and then went up to the old man and asked him

"What is the meaning of this? How comes it that I, with the many perfect appliances, can catch nothing, while you, with only the clumsiest of tools, are so successful?"

"The meanin' o't," the old man made answer, "I take to be this, sir: that I'm fishin' for fish, an' ye're fishin' for fun.'

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Favorite Tints for Gloves.

Good Housekeeping gives its readers this information about the kind of gloves worn by ladies this season: "The favorite color for the coming season with refined women is a dull tan color, although there are beautiful old mode colors imported in button suede gloves, and three shades of gray—silver gray, the medium gray and iron gray. The mosquetaire suede glove in pale tan color is a regulation glove for evening wear. These gloves range in length from a six-button length to gloves long enough to reach to the shoulder. Mosquetaire gloves for evening are also imported in black, pearl gray, cream white and other tints. The proper glove for brides is a cream white mosquetaire kid, which should be long enough to fully turn the elbow, with a dress with elbow sleeves."

Ornaments of Peafowl Feathers.

The prettiest story that has come across the water for this long time, says "Wool Gatherer" in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, is that about Princess Maud of Wales, who, it is said, gathers peafowl feathers from the royal barnyards, besides begging them of her friends as well, and works them up into dainty hand screens that are afterward sold at fancy fairs for the benefit of poor children, and fetch a pretty penny. Apropos of which, the Wool Gatherer would tell all who incline to follow the royal lead, either for the sake of sweet charity or the adornment of their own abiding places, that the soft, smoke-gray down of wing and tail coverts is the best possible edging for such screens, and that by peeling the inner edge of the long tail feathers they may get something for covering the handles that can be woven in and out, after divers fashions, and closely approach the effect of basket-carved ivory. In the South, before the war, a peafowl feather "fly brush" was the essential mark of gentility, and the long handle was always covered with weaving of the shredded stems. The small slave who "kept off flies" had a talent for going to sleep in an upright position, and generally managed to hit the master or the guest of the occasion at least once, and more often twice or thrice, in the course of a meal, while the butler and the old-fashioned high silver "casters" were almost equally favorite points of attack. During the war peafowl feather fans, made by sewing the small eyes or neck and breast feathers upon pasteboard or palm leaves were all the rage, and some that linger in our memory were of workmanship so exquisite that they would not suffer by contrast with the feather fans now imported. But altogether the most artistic use of such plumage was made by an old lady so drawn and twisted with rheumatism that she could barely use the fingers of one hand. She was much alone and reading after a while palled on her. In youth she had been a flower maker, and when one day her small grandson filled her lap with bright feathers she amused herself and him by clustering them up after the manner of rose petals. From that she began to form them into blossoms of all sorts—roses, camellias, pinks, asters, dahlias and so on, using the plumage of wild birds in natural tints, those of geese, ducks and pigeons for the white flowers, and making leaves for all of the small green and blue-green feathers from the peafowls' neck and breast. Though not exactly natural looking, many of the sprays and bouquets were really artistic, while their construction served to fill with interest much time that would otherwise have been intolerably lonely.

Home Perfume Distillation.

Women generally have a habit of tucking little bags of sachet powder in their bureau drawers and pinning them in their dresses, but they as generally are indiscriminate in choosing the odors, sometimes buying heliotrope, sometimes violet, and again rose. There is much more refinement and daintiness of feeling, beside a quaint, and certainly sweet, coquetry, in keeping always a perfume of one's own; it becomes then almost a part of one's being. If one is fond of the fragrance of the rose an investment in a few of the long, peculiar vials containing attar of rose and keeping them in various places amid the possessions is a much more enduring way of perfuming than using sachet powder. However, the best way of using sachet powder is to make a thin pad, the size of each bureau drawer and trunk tray, of thin silk or cotton and one layer of cotton wadding, over which the sachet powder is sprinkled, leaving one end but loosely sewn, so that the scent may be easily renewed. The faint-tinted cheesecloths which come now are very good for this purpose. If a dozen of these pads are made at some leisure time the size of one's trunk they will be found extremely convenient to lay between dresses. It is also a good plan when a new dress comes home to have a tiny bag of scent at once sewn into the waist. New beginners at concocting the pot-pourri for the rose jars are apt to use too much spice; essential oils are much better than any spices.

Our grandmothers well knew the delight of stealing the perfume from the flowers, and their "still-room," where were all conveniences for this, was a part of the machinery of every home. In our country vast quantities of flowers go to waste and we send to France for our perfumes, yet nothing is easier nor more womanly than to make the perfumes from flowers which we use. Into a large, flat, clean earthenware vessel pour some purified fat, lard and suet mixed, warm sufficiently to make it liquid. Throw into it as many scented flowers of one kind as it will contain. Let remain twenty-four hours covered, then strain off the fat and add more flowers, repeating the process every day for a week. The method of liberating this essence of flowers from the fat is very simple. Permit it to harden, cut into small cubes and put into sprits of wine. The delicate odor immediately transfers itself from the coarse fat to the spirituous solvent, and such a strength of perfume is procured with little trouble as would cost a great deal at a perfumer's.—*Chicago Times.*

Fashion Notes.

All white flowers are worn by brides.

Two materials are utilized in some of the wraps.

Silver and coral is the newest combination in fancy jewelry.

A conspicuous figure of walking jackets are great flat pockets.

Combinations of green with blue, brown, and Venetian red are seen.

Various shades of gray green and gray blue are conspicuous in the recent importations of dress fabrics.

Some of the new ribbons are striped in three tones, with a narrow stripe of satin separating the shades.

Nearly all of the browns show yellowish tints this season, except the time-honored favorite, seal brown.

New walking boots are laced in front, the uppers being made of the material of the dress and foxed with russet.

Spectacle cases of silver gilt, ornamented with Moorish designs in colored enamels, are both light and handsome.

The latest addition to the gray shades are crepuscule, of twilight gray, cordone, a wood gray, and cachoue, rubber gray.

Polaire is a cold, grayish blue, and particular stress is laid upon the statement that it is the color of the north-polar sky.

The wide Empire sash, passed twice around the waist and knotted low on one side, is seen on numbers of imported fall costumes.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Learn to deny yourself.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

A child breaks his toy to see what is inside.

Study well the human body; the mind is not far off.

Never charge a bad motive, if a good one is conceivable.

Beware of a man who seems to doubt your married happiness.

The truth is not to be spoken at all times. It's safer to write it sometimes.

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fiftieth trial.

Some people can defend themselves with the horn of a bull, others have but snails' horns.

Man is a voilin, and it is only when the last chord is broken that he becomes a piece of wood.

A prince has, in reality, need but of eyes and ears, his mouth only serving him for smiling.

Princes are brought up to live with all the world—all the world ought to be brought up to live with princes.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

If a spark falls into the water there can be no fire. If a brand is thrown in upon us we need not be a powder magazine and blow up.

High minds are as little affected by unworthy returns for services, as the sun is by those fogs which the earth throws up between herself and his light.

To be the friend of a sovereign one must be without passion, without ambition, without selfishness—far-seeing and clear-seeing—in short, not a man.

We understand what we ought to do; but when we deliberate we play booty against ourselves; our consciences direct us one way, our corruptions hurry us another.

Supreme Court Lore.

There is now in the Judges' Robing Room in the Capitol, which is separated from the Supreme Court Chamber itself by a dark, narrow corridor running from the rotunda to the Senate wing, a portrait of Chief Justice Jay. It represents him as a young man, with a notably fine head and face, dressed in a black-silk gown brightly faced with scarlet, and having a narrow border on the edge. This was the nearest approach which was ever made by any of the national or State judiciary in this country to the scarlet and ermine traditionally worn by the English judges, and it happened that it was the merest accident that Chief Justice Jay brought this robe to Washington and wore it when he was inducted into office. Mr. Jay at that time did not happen to have a robe prepared, and there were then no justices who had duplicated robes which they could lend him. Accordingly, Mr. Jay borrowed from Chancellor Livingston of the New York Supreme Court the robe which he was accustomed to wear. The officers of the United States Supreme Court have recently been informed that among the effects which have descended in the Jay estate was found this identical robe. At that time, 1795, it was the custom of the judges of some of the State courts to wear robes with a scarlet border when engaged in the trial of criminal causes. On all other occasions the judicial dress was a black robe similar to that now worn by the Chief Justices of United States, trimmed with white bands. The robe of the present Justices is wholly black, without any adornment except such as is made by the needle. Mr. Fuller had ample time to have a new robe made for himself in Chicago—probably the first of the kind ever made west of the Alleghanies.

In the old days the attorneys always appeared in court as if dressed for a dinner party or reception, in full suits of black, and in the days when small clothes were worn the counsel appeared with their buckles and knee-breeches, their ruffled shirts, and their queues tied with various colored ribbons. It was not the custom of the lawyers in those days to wear whiskers, and it would have been almost a contempt of court to have appeared out of the dress suit. Now the lawyers appear in court in the traveling suits with which they reach here, and are sometimes not so careful about their personal appearance as a due respect for the dignity of the court requires. It was hardly permissible in the old days for a Justice of the Court to appear in the street in a slouch or felt hat, and now a stiff black hat is rather the rule, although some of the Judges wear stiff felt hats, and one or two on windy days have been observed in a soft felt.—*New York Post.*

Value of the Pearl Fisheries.

Never have pearls been more popular or commanded such high prices as during the past ten years. At present nothing is considered in better taste than the pearl, on account of its purity and subdued beauty. This unusual demand has had the effect of greatly stimulating the search for them, especially on the west coast of Australia, at Thursday Island, the Sooloo Archipelago, in Ceylon and the Persian Gulf, and also along the coast of Lower California. The demand included pearls of all colors except the inferior yellow. The fine black pearls of Lower California have been in great request, single ones bringing as much as $8000. With these black pearls are found many beautiful gray and grayish-brown pearls. The different fisheries of the world produce fully $1,000,000 worth annually, of which Lower California fisheries produce probably one-sixth. Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas have given us over $10,000 worth of pearls per annum; their remarkable fresh-water pearls, especially the pink ones, which are unrivaled for delicacy of tint. The finding of two bushels of these in the Turner group of mounds in the Little Miami Valley, Ohio, by Professor F. W. Putnam, gives us a faint idea of how plentiful they were before the arrival of the Europeans. But with the last five years many of the fancy-colored pearls have received their variety of color not from nature, but by artificial means.

A Versatile Man.

Colonel Chaille Long is one of the most varied men of the day. He has made a reputation in all parts of the world and in pretty much all countries of the world. At twenty-four he was a Colonel in the Northern army. Somewhat later he was naval commander in the Egyptian service, and his good qualities made him a favorite with the Khedive. From that high estate he evoluted to a Consulship, and then became clerk in a New York court. During the bombardment of Alexandria and the exciting incidents connected therewith he was in that city as Consul, and by his bravery and intelligence spared much life and suffering. He then became an advocate in Paris, and shortly after a club man in New York. He is about forty years of age.

A Homeric Fragment.

The explorer of the Fayum, Mr. Petrie, has discovered "a splendid fragment of the Second Book of the Iliad, written on papyrus in the finest Greek hand, before the rounded uncial or cursive scripts came into use. This precious document was found rolled up under the head of a mummy which was buried simply in the sand, without the protection of a tomb. It measures apparently from three and a half to four feet in length. The date of the manuscript is about the second or third century. It will be edited by Professor Sayce."

CRANBERRIES.

HOW THE LITTLE BERRY IS RAISED ON CAPE COD.

The Construction and Cost of a Bog—Setting the Vines—When and How the Crop is Harvested.

The Boston *Herald*, describing cranberry culture in Cape Cod, says: Usually there are three years of constant expense to a bog before any income is derived from it, and three years seem long when one thinks of the capital invested. Meanwhile ice, frosts, droughts, fire or worms may destroy the crop, and nearly everything must be done over again, while weeds must be fought perpetually. In making a bog a piece of wild swamp land is selected. The conditions to be observed are that it must have a good quality of muck for a bottom, with an abundant supply of water for flowage, and also good facilities for drainage. The cranberry, although a water vine, seems to want only a moderate amount of moisture while growing and bearing. There must also be an ample supply of sand at hand.

The first step in construction is cutting the trees and mowing down the bushes with a stub scythe. These are heaped up and burned. Following this is the "turfing" process, wherein the entire surface of the bog is cut into squares by turf axes.

Next the stumps are removed, and then comes the process of ditching. The usual method on large bogs is to have one large ditch through the middle of the bog with numerous side branches which drain into it, keeping the bog comparatively dry in summer, while on the approach of frost in the fall the flow of water is stopped, and all the available supply turned upon the bog to cover and protect the vines and fruit from Jack Frost's nipping fingers. To facilitate flowing the bog is made as nearly as practicable one vast level, or only rises a few inches at the most. The next step after grading is to sand it, and for this purpose the sand must be coarse and gravelly. The bog is usually covered to a depth of four inches, the wetter portions requiring more than this. The bog is now ready to set with vines, which must be brought from some older bog, and consist now of three leading varieties.

Roots are never set, but cuttings are used exclusively. An instrument called a punch, which somewhat resembles a dagger, having a flat blade 1½ inches wide, is used to open the soil. The shoot or cutting is stuck into the cleft, and the earth crowded down around it. Eighteen inches space is left on all sides of each plant.

A completed bog will average in cost, aside from the first price of the land, about $400 per acre before the vines are set. These cost $5 for a quantity sufficient for an acre, and the expense of setting them is 10 cents per rod, or $16 per acre. All of the turfing, ditching, stumping and sanding are done by the square rod, and all of it has to be done by hand, for the swamp is unsuitable footing for horses.

Having completed the bog, the next thing is to fight the weeds and replace any vines which may have failed to take root. The little stalk, which is about as large as the lead of a pencil, puts out runners in all directions and continues to grow until the third year, when a crop can be expected with some certainty. Vines often bear a few berries in their second year, but the crop is rarely picked.

As the vines spread they form a thick carpet, completely hiding the bog and covering it to a depth of six or eight inches. The runners each vine puts out are several feet long and interlace with one another. These runners put out small shoots called "uprights," and on these in the spring appears the little four parted flower. As the berry ripens, it hangs on a stem an inch long and is completely hidden by the vine leaves, which alternate on either side of the stem, and, although only one quarter inch long and one-eighth inch broad, are so plentiful as to hide the greater portion of the crop.

Cranberries are a crop which cannot wait, but must be harvested at once when ripe, or the frost will spoil them by softening the berries and causing them to drop off the vines. This can be prevented by flowing the bog, if sufficient warning is given beforehand; and here is where the signal service is doing excellent work by telegraphing daily throughout the cranberry district the probability of a frost within twenty-four hours.

With the coming of the middle of September the cars going toward the cranberry district are crowded with people bound for the harvest. Whole families go, for each child can make from $1 to $2.50 daily, and many poor families can make enough in the four or five weeks' season to keep them comfortably all winter. Carver then doubles its population. The pickers are quartered in small frame houses, snugly and well built, close by the bog, and each party has a cook. Beds are made like those on a steamship—a series of berths on the side of the rooms. The men all sleep in one apartment, and the women in another. A day's work usually means ten hours, but if the morning is rainy picking does not begin until the vines are dry, for the fruit must be perfectly dry when barreled, or it will soon spoil.

A large bog will employ from 150 to 400 pickers, and even such an army as that makes but a small show on some of the largest bogs. Before work is begun the Superintendent "lines" the bog, which consists in stretching white cords across it in parallel lines about six feet apart, each picker being given a space, which must be picked clean. The pickers creep on hands and knees over the vines, picking as they go. They are divided into companies, each appropriately lettered, and each individual numbered. When a picker has filled his measure he starts for his barrel to deposit his fruit, at the same time calling out his number and company letter to the book keeper, who, tablet and pencil in hand, sits near the barrels and credits the picker with one measure by drawing a straight line beside his name. The marks are counted at the close of the day and then transferred to the regular account books.

Each measure holds about six quarts, it requiring sixteen measures to fill a barrel of 100 quarts. The pickers get ten cents per quart, and there is much rivalry among them as to who can score the greatest number of measures in a day. Last season one man picked eighty measures full, or thirteen bushels of cranberries, in ten hours, making $8 for his day's work. All nationalities are represented on a bog, and the different factions generally get along very amicably. They are too busy to do otherwise.

A picking machine has been invented and is in limited use, but does not find much favor with growers, who say it tears the vines. The most successful one is made with a row of fingers to slide over the vine, and a cover which shuts down over them. A backward pull disengages the berries and moves the machine off the vine.

The berries are taken to the screen house from the bog, and are there run through a screen, where all rotten, white or otherwise imperfect ones are removed. They are next barreled and shipped to market, New York being the principal one, with Philadelphia next, while Boston is reckoned among the minor ones. The demand for the berry is growing constantly, and even now exceeds the supply of choice fruit. What this demand is will be better understood when it is known that the plant is so prolific that yields as high as a hundred barrels per acre are not uncommon.

Courts are generally monotonous.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Thames is pronounced Tems.

The ancient year began with March.

The Republic of Geneva was founded in 1812.

Æschylus introduced dramas and a stage, 486 B. C.

The Welsh are the descendants of the ancient Britons.

Cats seem to be the general favorite of the animal world in Italy.

There are about six thousand different descriptions of postage stamps in existence.

Epigrams derive their origin from the inscriptions placed by the ancients on tombs.

A descendant of the Indian Emperor, Chimalpopoca, is a civil engineer in Mexico.

Charley Dickens, a fourteen-year-old colored preacher, is astonishing the people in Georgia.

Lawyer Marbury recently made a speech thirty-five hours long in a Baltimore court room.

Mrs. Sarah Chaplin Rockwood, of Cortland, N. Y., is nearly one hundred and three, and enjoys good health.

Hieroglyphic picture-writing, used by the Egyptians chiefly, is said to have been invented by Athotes, 2112 B. C.

Although small of stature, Chief Justice Fuller's new gown of office took more silk than the dress of a society women.

Helen Mathers, the English authoress, wrote the novel which made her reputation in the hope of bringing back her lover, who had left her in a fit of anger.

A new dog is coming into fashion in London. It is the Tartar fox terrier. His coat is silky, smooth and red, with markings at head and tail. He is good tempered.

The tennis "arm" has been succeeded by the tennis "leg." It consists of a rupture of the membrane covering the muscular part of the calf in consequence of sudden starts.

The "cash" used as coin all over China are made from an alloy of copper and zinc, nearly the same as the well-known Muntz metal. It takes about one thousand of them to make change for a dollar.

A citizen of Marietta, La., put some chestnuts on the roof to dry, and the rats gnawed holes through the roof to get the chestnuts, and when it rained the water came through those holes with a rush.

A Hartwell (Ga.) divine tells of an sloping couple who were married on horseback while going full tilt, a Justice of the Peace galloping alongside of them, with an irate father in hot pursuit a short distance behind.

R. H. Stoddard, the poet, has a lock of hair believed to have been cut from the head of Milton. It is a light brown or golden and has been successively owned by Dr. Johnson, Leigh Hunt, George H. Boker and others.

The first iron made in New Jersey was at a place just south of Trenton, from the limonite or bog ore that abounds in that section, and the first forgemaster was Governor Lewis Morris, who came to Monmouth from Barbadoes before the year 1680.

In many towns in Germany and Switzerland are found hotels owned by freeholders, which are entirely under the management of the "Evangelical Union." In some of them there is evening prayer at half-past nine every evening, conducted by the house father.

A regulation has been adopted in the Michigan State Prison by which hereafter convicts may earn the right to wear plain gray suits instead of the prison stripes. Men who obey the prison rules for six months may discard the stripes, but if after that period they become unruly again they must once more don the objectionable clothing.

On the spot where Louis II. of Bavaria is supposed to have sat with his physician, Dr. Gudden, just before taking the fatal leap into the Starnberger Lake, a column is to be erected bearing a perpetual light. The bench on which the King reposed, which has disappeared in the shape of innumerable relics, is to be replaced by an oratory.

Mrs. Buckner, wife of the Governor of Kentucky, wears as ornaments a conch-shell lacepin and sleeve buttons which, in addition to their beauty, have the charm of a romantic history, having been purchased by her relative, General George Washington, from a shipwrecked and destitute sailor, and by him worn on the coat in which he was inaugurated.

A watchmaker gives out that the new rich are large and liberal buyers of battered and wornout pocket timers, the which are furbished up and duly engraved with initials and crests and "sich," and then exhibited as heirlooms from some Roundhead or Cavalier or Mayflower pilgrim, who has been injected body, boots and breeches into the new owner's pedigree.

A Pickpocket Exposes Craft Secrets.

"A prison official" relates the following story to the London *Standard*: "When speaking one day to a convict—a professional pickpocket—to whom I was giving a word or two of friendly counsel, I referred to his *modus vivendi*, and asked him why he could not turn over a new leaf (he was undergoing his third penal sentence for picking pockets) and become an honest man. 'I could not, sir,' he replied, 'I must pick pockets. I would take your watch to-morrow if I met you in the Strand, not,' he added, 'but what I'd give it back to you, for you've been very kind to me. Would you like to know how to prevent your watch being stolen?' he continued; 'just let me have it for a minute.' Curious to learn a useful hint, I was about to draw my watch from my pocket, when I found it was already in the expert's hand, without my experiencing the slightest touch. He then explained to me that the most approved method of detaching a watch from its owner was to hold the ring to which the chain was attached firmly between the finger and thumb, and then, with a sharp twist, snap the steel pivot connecting watch and ring, leaving the ring on the chain and the watch free in the thief's hand. 'A dead loss' (the ring) he added, with cool effrontery, 'to us of 6 shillings.' He then showed me that, if the ring and watch were connected with a swivel joint, the difficulty of watch stealing would be increased so much as to make it scarcely worth the risk.

A Valuable Remedy.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

The first saw-maker's anvil was brought to America in 1819.

Wonderful Popularity.

The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

The wool clip of the United States has increased from 60,000,000 pounds in 1860 to more than 300,000,000 pounds in 1884.

Use the great specific for "cold in the head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The annual value of the wool crop is from $75,000,000,000 to $80,000,000,000, varying with the market value.

Where Log Cabins Flourish.

A party of American gentlemen, who had been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last Summer, were returning in a sail boat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—its a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad-shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman, and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door, and never thought to pull an oar again. You see, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough, which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes, I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor; he gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States, gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits and comparison with other old-time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

The United States is the only civilized country in which in recent years there has been a large increase in the production of wool.

Would You Believe

The Proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives Thousands of Bottles away yearly? This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for Coughs and all Throat and Lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Don't hesitate! Procure a bottle to-day to keep in your home or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottle Free at all druggists'. Large Size 50c and $1.

The first watches were made at Nuremburg, Germany, in 1477.

A Madman at Large!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about it? Listen: his appetite is gone, he is low-sp